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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications : and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Any London Conservative who lets indolence keep him from going to the poll to-day is playing false to his ideas of empire. He believes the present Government to be a danger to the stability of the Empire and its growth. Seeing its attitude to the coming Colonial Conference, he could hardly believe otherwise. No more serious blow to this Government's security could be given than the overthrow of the London Progressives. Depose them from power at Spring Gardens and the citadel of metropolitan Radicalism is stormed. The London County Council election is at least as much an imperial as a municipal matter. And if anything were wanting to whet Conservative energy, it is given in the Progressive blackguardism which has been breaking up their opponents' meetings all over London. We do not break up meetings, but we can break up the Progressive party.

Lord Leigh's question in the House of Lords about the delay in appointing the Board recommended by the Royal Commission on Traffic has brought out the real truth. Lord Ribblesdale, a Radical peer, agreed that Lord Leigh had put his finger on the right spot, and the Government will not thank him for it. The real obstruction, he says, to anything being done is the attitude of the Progressive London County Council. Mr. Burns is its useful ally in the Cabinet and Lord Ribblesdale is inclined to think that Mr. Burns has exercised his influence over his colleagues. The Lord Chancellor's silence was a virtual admission, and he had to get out of an awkward corner by speaking of the traffic question at large. But he could only say what everybody knows, and the practical matter is, What are the Government going to do about the Traffic Board? The Chancellor's speech does not say.

We will not call the Brigg election "the writing on the wall", or the finger of fate or the beginning of the end or by any other picturesque phrase from the treasury of by-election journalism. But it is rather a blue business for Liberals. Unionists have won a seat by 116 votes which they lost last year by 1,726 and had not held since the election of 1895, when Mr. Reckitt won it for the Radicals in spite of the Unionist successes all around, and kept during the Khaki election of 1900. All of our success cannot, we fear, be put down to our own virtues ; we owe much to the qualities of Lady Wimborne's son, who opposed Sir Berkeley Sheffield. Captain Guest's acknowledged ignorance as to naval questions, and his proved, though not acknowledged, ignorance of political matters no doubt counted handsomely. Denmark, Captain Guest told one of his audiences, is a republic. This was too much for his Board-school supporters.

Ten minutes for the introduction of a one-clause Bill proved time enough for Mr. McKenna to make an extremely offensive speech. After Mr. Birrell's courtesy one has not looked for this from a Minister of Education, and certainly not from Mr. McKenna. Evidently he thinks that by assuming an air of insolent superiority he will show how much he is at ease in a Cabinet place. This is avowedly nothing but a Nonconformist relief Bill. Because a number of men, who are supporters of this Government, choose persistently to break the law, the law is to be amended for their benefit. Were these same men opponents of the Government, neither Mr. McKenna nor any of his colleagues would care one straw about their consciences. They might passively resist to the end of time for all the Government would care.

The talk about conscience is a farce. If there were any matter of conscience in it, Nonconformists would have objected as much to paying through taxes as through rates. There is no argument in favour of the Nonconformist relief Bill which Churchmen and Roman Catholics cannot apply with equal force to their own case. They object to paying rates for Cowper-Temple religion, a political compromise which is not their religion, and, according to Mr. McKenna, is not

Nonconformists' religion, and, in fact, as we have often said, is nobody's religion. The only difference between the case of the Nonconformist and the Churchman is that the Churchman votes against the Government and obeys the law, while the Nonconformist votes for the Government and breaks it. Therefore the Nonconformist is by law to be relieved from obedience to law. A brilliant conception of law and logic. However, this little Bill will be a useful object lesson for today's L.C.C. elections. Even the Government's dear friend, Lord Stanley of Alderley, an extreme Progressive, says the Bill is "grossly unfair to the Church of England and to Roman Catholics".

Is the Welsh Church Commission to end in an Irish brawl? We ask because the relations between some of the members seem to be growing—well, rather strained. Mr. S. T. Evans, according to the "Tribune", backs the Baptist minister of Treorchy—wherever that may be—who is for showing that the chapel seats its congregation better than the church, which Mr. Evans beautifully describes as "provision made for the Spiritual Welfare of the People". Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams regards the seats in Treorchy church and chapel as irrelevant and is for ruling them out of the inquiry. Mr. Evans warmly insists on the Treorchy seats being kept in. Whereupon Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams threatens to resign the chairmanship; and really if the chairman is not allowed to decide about the seats or chairs, we do not see the use of his being there.

The annual farce of passing the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill has been played over again. Really one would have thought it was played out by this time. The House of Commons passed the Bill as usual. How many times has the House passed it? It does not much matter any way. The Bill is no more likely to become law this time than in any session for the last twenty years. This accounts for the small trouble taken to oppose the Bill. Everyone knows that it does not matter whether it passes the Commons or not. That a Bill should pass the Commons some twenty times and get no further is proof enough that there is no genuine demand for it. Were it not for a few people who have chosen to break the law both of Church and State by marrying their deceased wife's sister, we should never hear anything about the matter. This is not a reform bill at all, it is a relief bill. Certainly marryers of deceased wives' sisters may fairly call on this Government to relieve them, for they have qualified in the same way as the Nonconformists; they have broken the law. But these are positive resisters, while the others are passive. Is that the difference?

Lord Lansdowne and Lord Curzon have both been giving their views on the Upper House. Both are agreed that the hereditary element must stand, both condemn the Government's proposed method of dealing with the Lords, and both are quite willing that the Lords should reform themselves. Lord Curzon, in his letter to Lord Newton, generally associates himself with Lord Newton's plan, but adds some important details. Lord Curzon is for making much use of life peerages, which he would extend so as to secure the representation of almost every element in the population; for instance, the various religious denominations and trade unions. For audacity of innovation a Radical could hardly improve on Lord Curzon. But Lord Curzon of old has chafed at the hardship of a man being condemned to go up higher when he would rather sit in the lower room. He was much moved in time past by the cases of Lord Wolmer and Mr. Brodrick.

By the way, all who care for the fortunes not only of the Unionist party but of the Empire will be glad to learn that Lord Curzon intends ere long to return to political life. It is bad enough that the country should lose the services in statesmanship of Lord Rosebery. Few countries have ever been so rich in political talent of the highest order that they could afford to have men like Lord Rosebery and Lord Curzon lying idle. Lord Curzon is willing to return to parliamentary work by the end of the coming summer. We never believed, as

some appeared to, that he intended to turn himself out to grass, like Lord Rosebery, for the rest of his life.

The country has been inundated with military information. In addition to Mr. Haldane's statement, five different publications have been issued as parliamentary papers by the War Office during the past week, which at any rate is evidence of the great industry practised at that office. The new scheme is long and complicated, but its main features are broad and well thought out. The regular army, beyond being reduced by another 14,000 men, remains much as it was, though it is to be subjected to yet another new organisation. A force of six big divisions of three infantry brigades each, and four cavalry brigades, or 160,000 men in all, is to be the new plan; and elaborate instructions on this head have been issued in February's Army orders. These will form the field army. A new special contingent is to be created as an additional reserve to the regular army. Men will be enlisted on a "militia basis". They will undergo a preliminary training of six months, and afterwards a short annual one, and will render themselves liable for service abroad to reinforce the regular army in case of war. This new body will include reserves to all the different arms of the service and the departmental corps.

The existing militia will be the nucleus of this new corps, and will virtually become *dépôt* battalions behind the line. The yeomanry are to remain as at present, though their rate of pay is to be reduced from 5s. 6d. per day whilst training to that of the regular cavalryman, which, in the absence of compulsion, should soon lead to the extinction of the force. The volunteers are to become a territorial army. They will be paid like regulars, will train from eight to fifteen days annually, and be liable for six months' service on the outbreak of a great war, when the field army goes abroad. They will be organised in divisions under regular general officers, with regular staffs. As in the case of the yeomanry, it is difficult to see how this plan can work without compulsion.

The Army Estimates show a reduction in expenditure on those of 1906-7 of £2,036,000. In spite of the reduction which Mr. Haldane carried out last year, the decrease in the pay of the personnel is only £385,000, although incidentally other economies have ensued thereby. It seems somewhat contradictory that, although the militia are threatened in the new scheme with virtual extinction as such, an increase of £21,000 is demanded in the militia vote for carrying out the lengthened period of recruits' drill and annual training in twenty battalions. This was tried as an experiment for the first time last year. The majority of votes show a decrease, the War Office and Army Accounts Department being one of the exceptions. This is explained as being due mainly to transfer of charges from other votes to this one, and to the Army Accounts Department—an expensive and not altogether satisfactory innovation. We recognise the good work done by the War Office. Yet could not the Treasury find there some small field for economy? Local commanders-in-chief with large staffs have now been appointed throughout the country to relieve the War Office of certain details. Yet the War Office staff in no way decreases.

A reduction by a cool thousand in the number of men (128,000 for 129,000) and a reduction by nearly a million and a half pounds in the expenditure—these are the two facts in the Navy Estimates which stand out in fat type, heavily leaded. The Estimates were only published on Friday, and it is therefore impossible to examine and pronounce upon them this week, but there is no doubt that they smell somewhat strongly of a cheeseparing policy.

Of the various items included in the Colonial Conference agenda, which has been published as a Parliamentary paper, the two which will command most interest are the nature of future conferences and the question of a preferential tariff. Lord Elgin in a long despatch shows himself alive to the earnestness with which the Colonial Premiers will approach both subjects. The idea of making the gathering into an

Imperial Council to meet at regular intervals has been quickened by the present tendency of the Colonial Office to ignore colonial opinion when that opinion might prove inconvenient to the Imperial Government. Mr. Lyttelton's proposals have indeed been forced into the region of practical politics by Lord Elgin's own want of tact. Nor will the Government escape a bad quarter of an hour over the question of preference. Lord Elgin has to put the question on the agenda, but in his despatch seems anxious to limit [its] discussion to the intercolonial side. The colonies however are clearly not prepared indefinitely to continue to favour the mother country without reciprocity.

Its majority notwithstanding, Het Volk has apparently not found it easy to form its first Ministry. The delay is attributed to the desire of the party to secure a seat for Sir Richard Solomon, so that he may take the Premiership, but as none of the elected is of a retiring disposition Mr. Botha will probably become the head of the Government. He has assumed the leadership in two ways during the week—in thanking Het Volk for its "righteousness" and other admirable qualities of which he naturally is specially sensible, and in protesting to the Colonial Office against the composition of the second chamber. Het Volk's objection to the nominations made by Lord Selborne rather suggests the propriety and wisdom of the choice. Mr. Churchill, on Thursday, certainly gave no hint of any yielding to General Botha's protest.

The new Jam of Nawanagar is interesting because he is Ranjitsinhji the cricketer. Some may think cricket has had something to do with his selection. But on the merits of the case he has only come by his rights. He was rather hardly treated before when the son of a Mohammedan lady in his adoptive father's zenana was admitted to the succession before him. Though ranking as a first-class tributary state of Kathiawar, Nawanagar is neither large nor populous. The gross revenue is about £200,000 and it pays an annual tribute of £12,000. The ruler has full administrative authority and has power of life and death over his own native subjects. He receives a salute of eleven guns, and has an army of 2,700 men. The title of Jam is borne by all ruling chiefs of the Jadeja tribe to which the governing family of Nawanagar belong. Nature has not been very kind to the little state, which reaps much of its harvest on the sea. But it has some resources which the European training and energetic character of the new Jam may develop. Artificial irrigation is used to raise the crops and it will be needed if there is to be a cricket pitch.

Prince von Bülow's speech in the Reichstag, which began business on Monday, was a spirited reply to the criticisms of Dr. Spahn the Centre leader on the activity of the Government during the recent elections. The Chancellor is not only unrepentant but declares that in future elections he will do more than ever to "instruct the people in what is right": and he objects to being "a dumb idol". To the charge of having stirred up religious feeling against the Centre party he replied that if the elections had widened the division between the two churches, this was due to the superfluous attempts made by the Centre to excite fresh apprehensions of a new Kulturkampf which were entirely groundless, as his policy was complete parity and toleration. What the Centre had done was to join the Socialists, whom he had accused of being an atheistical party, and in the elections to help the return of socialist candidates. The whole secret of the elections he declared was that the Centre and Socialists had attempted to make the Government pass under the yoke on the Colonial question, and they had raised a false issue as to the danger to constitutionalism and the "personal régime".

There is no sign in the speech of any intention to make terms with the Centre. Prince von Bülow seems quite satisfied that he can use his bloc of Conservatives, National Liberals and Radicals for the national platform, and except in so far as they help him in this he has no party predilections. He feels no difficulty about his programme. The protection of agriculture

and industry and of every branch of national work is a policy about which there is no doubt, and for the Liberal and Radical parties he has a policy of social reforms cherished by the non-socialist Left. There are the petite bourgeoisie to be thought of, who have "perhaps as hard a struggle as the working classes". It is evident that Prince von Bülow has laid his plans for keeping the Centre and Socialists out in the cold; and the cheers his speech drew from the sections on whom he is relying were encouraging for him. The Centre and Socialists might say of the Chancellor—

"Cet animal est très méchant;
Quand on l'attaque il se défend".

It is an impressive fiction of the law that the King is always present in his Courts; but the fiction was transformed into fact by the presence of the King and Queen on Wednesday at the Old Bailey to open the new Courts. The buildings have a good deal of ornate civic splendour about them, and put the Law Courts in the shade. Something less showy perhaps would have been more appropriate to its sombre business. In any case it is a great gain to have the eye-sore of the old prison and the dirty buildings about it removed. Light and air and space are provided in the new buildings, but whether they will be where they are wanted most—in the Courts themselves—is at present untested. The King knighted the Common Serjeant and Mr. Charles Mathews, alias, for a short time, Mr. Charles Williams, until the true name of the future knight was disclosed. Other aspirants who schemed for the opening a year ago, while the building was quite incomplete, have to bear their disappointment as best they can.

By the time the Thaw case is ended in New York the equally sensational shooting of Mr. Whiteley by Rayner will be approaching trial. The evidence for the defence is to be concluded in the Thaw case this week, and the second magisterial inquiry has been held on the charge against Rayner. The cross-examination of Mrs. Thaw has occupied three days of this week, and several doctors have been examined, amongst them Thaw's own doctor, who stated that he had not observed the morbid conditions described as existing before the act was committed. The most interesting statements made by the prosecution in the Rayner case were that it is not intended to prove any motive for the shooting; and that there is no indication of Mr. Whiteley having been blackmailed either by the prisoner or by other persons. It was also stated that there is overwhelming evidence to disprove the prisoner's statements as to his being Mr. Whiteley's son, and, if the question is raised, to show that he had no ground for believing it.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston has been nominated for the Chancellorship of Oxford University; and at present no one else. His nominators make quite an imposing body. It is very fit that they should be headed by Lord Salisbury. If, as seems more than likely, Oxford should have Lord Curzon for Chancellor, she will be doing very well. Lord Curzon has all the prestige desirable in a Chancellor, and has the qualities for the part. As figure-head he should not be ineffective, and for the practical work of bringing home the needs of the University to the great world he has exceptional advantages. He would understand his part in its two aspects, the academic and the worldly, or from within and from without, as few Chancellors have done. Either Lord Lansdowne or Lord Rosebery would have made a good Chancellor, but each of them, it appears, declines nomination.

Cambridge may be congratulated on the new Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, elected to succeed Professor Kirkpatrick, who goes to Ely as Dean. Dr. Inge, who is a contributor to the SATURDAY REVIEW this week, is an intellectual of a high order, and as a theological professor will neither be trammelled with conservative timidity nor ready to accept every new theory that is extravagant and audacious. A brilliant humanist, and one of the few Englishmen who can speak and write English, he is best known by his published researches into mysticism. His appointment should commend itself to the great body of sober and

intelligent Churchmen. And the more so that it will remove him from a sphere of work to which he is less suited than to a University Chair. Dr. Inge has not a parochial mind.

Mr. Jeans, the parliamentary reporter of the "Globe", who died this week, was an interesting survival of a type practically extinct. It might almost be said he lived in the gallery of the House of Commons, by the gallery and for the gallery. He was a minutely conscientious recorder of parliamentary things, never wrote a line in his life for effect, and was the soul of old-fashioned parliamentary decorum. He made it his business to "take down"—in shorthand—the speakers: now the thing is to take them off. Mr. Jeans' delight—the triumph of a quiet, painstaking, modest life—when his son came out as Second Wrangler at Cambridge was a pleasant thing to see and to remember.

If Governments have no time to devote to the literature and art of the nation, there is certainly no lack just now of private enterprise in celebrating great—and lesser—authors. After Felicia Hemans, George Eliot. There is a movement for a memorial to her which is to be set up presently near Griff; and nothing could be more fitting than that a Newdegate of Arbury should celebrate the author of the "Scenes from Clerical Life". Perhaps George Eliot needs a monument no more than Shakespeare needs it. They who are on Olympus have risen above the need of statues and the like. Still we like to think of Warwickshire people honouring themselves by honouring George Eliot in her native place. It is a pity that in her honour the black smoke from the chimneys cannot be consumed and the grimy face of the country about Griff washed with some scheme of afforestation about the pit mouths.

After the "Times" Book Club, the public libraries. The net system, we are asked to believe, operates unfairly on these institutions, and publishers are now invited to give the libraries terms denied to the ordinary public. Obviously the request is ridiculous. The net system was started in order that everyone concerned in the production of a book might secure a reasonable profit. If the publishers modified their terms to the libraries, how could they be expected to stand firm in regard to the Book Club itself? Nor can we see why, because the libraries spend £100,000 a year on books, they should be given advantages. In many cases the purchase of a book by a library means a loss in general sales. What the libraries hope to accomplish by co-operation is not easy to see. If they are to discharge their functions they must have new books, and if they resort to the boycott they will find themselves in as awkward a corner as the unhappy Book Club is.

The Prime Minister announced on Wednesday that the Government intend to include Captain Sperling in the list of men who are "to be recognised in connexion with the wreck of the 'Berlin'". As a rule it is not well to differentiate between rescuers where devotion and bravery have been general. The lifeboat crews did everything in the power of a lifeboat crew to bring off all the survivors. The resolution passed by the committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution expresses the feeling of English seamen. They were defeated in their efforts to bring off the three remaining survivors not by any failure in themselves, but simply by Nature. English people have in the past talked sometimes of Dutch courage; they will talk of it in the future too, but putting a very different meaning to the term.

As to Captain Sperling it is impossible not to single him out. The story of how he half swam, half scrambled through the fearful surf, and, defying the fury of the sea, rescued the last three survivors, is wonderful and splendid. How he did it, he himself probably hardly knows. Surf-swimming is a very difficult and dangerous feat, even to those who have practised it. To swim the surf which sometimes bursts across the Chesil Bank is a feat that would baffle many a strong swimmer in his prime. Here the feat must have been far greater. Besides, this was only part of the work of rescue.

COLLAPSE OR COMPULSION.

COMPULSION or effacement in a military sense is the unexpected issue raised by a Liberal War Secretary, and as such we cordially welcome the scheme, and trust it will be dealt with in a non-party spirit. It is a broad, boldly conceived measure, and the mere fact of having introduced it, whatever its eventual fate—though we trust it will escape drastic modification—will place Mr. Haldane on a far higher plane than any of his immediate predecessors in his present office. As it stands, and without the aid of compulsion, the scheme is clearly unworkable. Can anyone suppose that the volunteers will, instead of binding themselves to undergo a series of evening drills and an annual holiday at the seaside, bind themselves to serve continuously for six months in the event of a big war; and also render themselves liable to pecuniary loss if they do not complete the terms of their engagement? The thing is inconceivable; and we shrewdly suspect that no one knows that better than Mr. Haldane himself. We all knew him to be a man of unusual ability, but few gave him credit for so much courage. He has done what none of his predecessors has dared to do, although all had it in mind. He has shown up the farce with which we had deluded ourselves. All who knew anything of the subject realised that as a whole the auxiliary forces were incapable of meeting European troops. But he at last will be the means of showing us that our cherished defence scheme is a house of cards, and that the one and only thing which can endow it with life is the passing of an Act to institute compulsion. If the new proposals come into force as they stand, militia, yeomanry, and volunteers will in all probability disappear. But the great feature of Mr. Haldane's scheme is that it actually provides us with the most admirable and carefully thought-out machinery for introducing at any time a system of compulsion for service at home. Nothing is lacking, and the more closely we examine the plan the more clearly does it appear that all its details are fitted to that end. The very name territorial army will need no change. The country is divided up into areas, each designed to supply its quota of men for the territorial army, according to population; and each producing the particular kind of unit its population suits. Thus towns will mainly produce infantry, and country districts yeomanry. The ground having been thus cleared, no future War Secretary can again place before the country some tentative scheme to avoid the only real issue. It is in fact the last throw of the dice to determine whether the voluntary system will provide us with the men we need for modern military requirements.

The details of the scheme are as follows. Instead of three lines—regulars, militia and volunteers—there are in future to be only two. A first line or field force, consisting of regulars and a proportion of men enlisted on a militia basis—that is, not serving as regulars or regular reservists in peace time—all available for service anywhere at immediate notice. A second line or territorial army, organised in divisions under regular officers, serving an annual training of from eight to fifteen days, but with liability to serve continuously for six months at home in case of a big war. Beyond a reduction of 14,000 men, which the present incomplete state of establishments warrants, little change is proposed as regards the regular army; and indeed, even with compulsion added, little alteration would be necessary. We should still require a professional army for over-sea purposes generally, half of which roughly would be at home in peace time; and now it is frankly admitted that the regular army is for over-sea purposes alone. The change of organisation into six big divisions, 160,000 men, of three infantry brigades and its corresponding proportion of other arms, and four cavalry brigades, designed to assimilate our organisation with that of the Indian army, is a distinct gain. It is true that this is the third change in organisation within five years. But we hope that this one will be final. There is a new plan for providing a reserve for the regular army beyond that which already exists. The existing infantry depôts are

to be converted into third battalions behind each set of two regular battalions, line recruits going straight to their home battalions. These dépôt battalions, composed mainly of the substance of existing militia regiments, will concern themselves with the training of the new special contingents, which will serve as an additional reserve to the regular army. They will have a permanent establishment of regular officers and will each furnish 600 men as well as officers, to come up on mobilisation and go abroad to serve as drafts for the regular army in the field. During the South African war great difficulty was experienced in training the regular recruits after the home battalions had gone abroad. The demand for officers necessitated the presence of dépôt officers with their battalions, with the result that few experienced officers were left at home. Mr. Haldane is now making laudable efforts to deal with this problem. The majority of reserve officers are, from the essential nature of the case, middle-aged men, and there is a great deficiency of junior officers, as was found to be the case when the reserve regiments were raised during the late war. Mr. Haldane has assembled a strong committee at the War Office to consider this question, and now something really tangible is to be done, and money spent, the absence of which detail has rendered all previous proposals of this nature abortive. It is recommended that "supplementary officers" should be appointed. These are to receive an outfit allowance of £40, pay and allowances whilst out for training for fourteen days, annually at first and biennially afterwards, and an annual retaining fee of £20. Candidates will qualify by performing a year's continuous service with a regular unit, by obtaining a proficiency certificate in a school cadet corps and subsequently performing eight months' continuous service, or by obtaining efficiency certificates both in a school and a University corps and by subsequently performing four months' continuous service. These proposals seem to be extremely sound; and, as £50,000 has already been provided for the purpose in the present Estimates, they should be successful in obtaining the stamp of officer required.

As to the effect on the militia, that force, as such, disappears. With the principle of compulsion let into the scheme, it would seem that no better use could be made of the existing organisation than to utilise it for providing the nucleus of the new dépôt battalions. But failing that contingency, we should regret to see the disappearance of the militia. It is true that the constitution of the force is now unsatisfactory from almost every point of view. Denuded necessarily of its men to feed the line, and deprived of many who used formerly to enter it by the changed status of the volunteers, it has of recent years had little chance. Nevertheless we must remember that in South Africa, as indeed in all other great wars throughout our history, it did most excellent service. It was not good enough, of course, for field service in South Africa, but for line of communication work, and as a means of releasing regular units from stations like Malta for service in the field, it was invaluable. Moreover it is an excellent recruiting agency for the line. The future of the yeomanry may be dismissed in a very few words. Under the new scheme, and again without resort to compulsion, the force must almost inevitably disappear. The present rate of pay is 5s. 6d. a day whilst training. Now their pay is to be reduced to the level of the regular cavalryman's; and it is very unlikely that this will attract the class of men who can ride, which in the very nature of things is absolutely necessary. With compulsion added, everything would on the other hand work admirably, as country districts are already mapped out so as to produce their quota of mounted men. They are to be organised partly as divisional cavalry for the field army, the men of which would of course belong to the special contingent, who would voluntarily render themselves liable to go abroad. As to the remainder they would act as cavalry to the territorial army. Thus it will be seen that were compulsion added to the scheme, the yeomanry arrangements would work out admirably; but, failing that, they would almost inevitably result in chaos. As to

the volunteer scheme, that in any case involves great changes. They are to receive pay as regular soldiers during their annual training of from eight to fifteen days, to serve for four years, and on joining to undertake the liability to serve for six months in event of war. This certainly takes them seriously. But will or can the artisan class, from whom they are now largely recruited, engage themselves to fulfil such conditions? We imagine that even the name territorial army will frighten many, and we fail altogether to see how the scheme can work at all without compulsion. With that added, however, everything fits in admirably. The War Office undertakes financial responsibility. So it gets hold of the machinery; and all local matters, except those appertaining to command and training, are to be managed by county associations presided over by the lord-lieutenants, a wise modification of the original plan of calling in the aid of the County Councils. This is a sound plan; and were the element of compulsion introduced, the mere fact that a large part of the organisation of the territorial army was in the hands of the county associations would tend largely to detract from the inherent unpopularity of the innovation. Still, the obligation of the territorial army to serve abroad in the case of any war involving the service of a larger number of troops than the professional army could provide, must be enforced in order to render a compulsory scheme effective. But without compulsion we are compelled to regard the new plan as purely academic, with small chance of success. Mr. Haldane speaks enthusiastically of the fine patriotic spirit which animates the nation. But that sentiment we know by experience to be fitful and intermittent. Were it otherwise no one knows better than he that a large proportion of those who now support the Government of which he is a member would not be in the House at all.

TO THE CONQUERED THE SPOILS.

IF the object of the Boer war was to substitute General Botha for President Kruger, we should imagine that it might have been achieved for a smaller outlay than £250,000,000; at a less sacrifice than 20,000 British lives; and without incurring the odium of Europe. A few hundred thousand pounds judiciously spent in supporting the Jameson Raid and the Johannesburg Reform Committee, and in squaring the members of the Volksraad, would, we feel sure, have got rid of Mr. Kruger, and replaced him by Messrs. Botha, Smuts and Gregorowski. Kruger was not personally popular with the younger and better educated Boers, who would have been glad enough to join a strong movement for his dethronement. Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Chamberlain, however, decided that England must go to war to vindicate, once for all, the supremacy of the British race in the South African continent. To war we went accordingly, and for two years and a half endured every species of mental uneasiness and moral humiliation to which a proud nation can be subjected. Great Britain, one of the greatest and wealthiest and proudest of first-rate Powers, strained every nerve to subdue some 40,000 peasants, without science, organisation, or money.

During the struggle England became the target for the ridicule and abuse of the civilised world, not excepting our right-trusty and well-beloved cousins in the United States. Glory we gained none from the war, which was not the fault of our army, for no glory could be gained from such a costly, harassing scuffle. Territory we did not seek, so our Prime Minister declared amid ringing cheers at the Guildhall. Still we muddled on, with hearts ever heavier and purses ever lighter, comforting ourselves by the assurance that we were at least fighting for the supremacy of the British race over the Transvaal Boer. Who can forget the exultation that inspired all classes on that brilliant June morning in 1902 when the bulletin of peace was nailed on the door of the War Office? At last, we said to one another, we have put the Boers in their proper place, and won the right to rule South Africa according to our own ideas! But the nation proposes, and the Radical Government disposes. After all our agony of mind and expenditure of treasure, we

meekly put our necks under the feet of the Boer generals whom we conquered. Or rather, we do not do so—there might be something like magnanimity, mad and misguided but still magnanimity, if the British nation accepted the yoke of Het Volk. But the meanness of the business is that we force our colonial fellow-subjects to make themselves the footstool of the enemy whom, at the expense of their fortunes, they have fought in the field. We, the British people, our sporting lords, and our smug shopkeepers, and our grimy artisans, we have not got to live under the blessed dispensation of Messrs. Botha, Smuts, and Esselen. We have not got to obey the orders of Captains Delarey and Botha, whom but yesterday we were chasing across the veld, and to have our ears assailed by a low Dutch patois in the law courts and the parliament house. If the British nation had to endure these things, they would not be, not for an hour. But the Government of the British nation compels their colonists to endure them. There is a stroke of cynical tyranny about the transaction that should make the staunchest Radical reflect. The generosity is vicarious: the magnanimity is at the expense of others: only the oppression is direct.

There is but one feature in the Transvaal election that pleases us, namely, the defeat of that arch-sneak, Sir Richard Solomon. He has reaped the reward of disloyalty to his benefactors, and we should hope by this time is trusted by neither party in the Transvaal. For the leaders of Het Volk appear to have decided not to have anything to do with the Solomonites, the dexterous trimming and affected impartiality of hybrid lawyers not being to their taste. Messrs. Hull and Cullinan are not, it is true, pure-bred Dutch; but their unqualified allegiance to Het Volk has been accepted as an atonement for the taint of British blood. Barring these two gentlemen, both of whom are interested in the mines, the first Transvaal Ministry will be entirely Boer—indeed, as somebody said, it will simply be General Botha and his Staff. And what of the mine-owners? Lord Milner, if we remember right, gave the mine-owners thirty-four seats and Het Volk twenty-nine seats in the legislature. Instead of this, the capitalists have only secured twenty-one seats and Het Volk has won thirty-seven. It is satisfactory, of course, that the leaders of the mining industry, Sir George Farrar, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, and Mr. Abe Bailey have all been returned. But as the British party, the magnates have sustained a smashing defeat. Is this because they are magnates, or because they are British? We hope the former; and it is the more likely explanation: because in a small community, which has for long been suffering from industrial depression, a few very wealthy men are bound to excite dislike. There was, we suspect, a determination amongst some of the lawyers, shopkeepers, and smaller commercial men not to be ruled by money-bags. Such a feeling is natural and by no means unworthy; but it will pass away with the return of prosperity, and a better distribution of the money-bags. We regret that Mr. Lionel Phillips, far the ablest and not the least popular of the mine-owning group, did not present himself for election. "I cannot praise," says Milton, "a fugitive and cloister'd virtue, unexercis'd and unbreath'd, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat." Possibly Mr. Lionel Phillips does not regard a seat in the new assembly as an "immortal garland"; or perhaps he thinks that the capitalist element is sufficiently represented. If Mr. Lionel Phillips shrinks from the tumult of a general election, at least he might have accepted from Lord Selborne a seat in the second chamber, where no one would have had greater weight than the author of "Transvaal Problems", a book which is written with a statesman's breadth of view and an expert's information. The composition of the second chamber is the weakest spot in the Transvaal Constitution. It is always very difficult in a new political community to create a revising and controlling chamber, which shall command the respect of the popular chamber and the outside public. It is precisely men of the calibre of Mr. Lionel Phillips that are

wanted there, and we hope it is not too late for him to reconsider his monastic vows.

The success or failure of the tremendous political experiment which the Radical Government is making in handing back the Transvaal to the Boers depends entirely upon the character of General Botha and his associates. That General Botha is a plausible, well-mannered, fair-spoken Boer gentleman we all know. That he loves his country and his race with a passionate devotion we have too much reason to remember. Will he use his victory at the polls as generously as we have used our victory in the field? A man must be judged by his actions: and General Botha's first step on being appointed Premier has been to complain to Lord Selborne of the composition of the second chamber as being too British, and to request his Excellency to cancel his nominations. Had General Botha complained of the members of the second chamber on the ground that their position, character and abilities were not such as to justify their being set over the first chamber, we should have regarded the complaint as rather impertinent, but it would not have inspired us with alarm. General Botha, however, complains of the second chamber because the politics of its members are not those of the majority of the electors, in other words, because they are not adherents of Het Volk. This attitude of the New Transvaal Government fills us with uneasiness; because it means that General Botha is not satisfied with an undisputed majority in one chamber, but claims to have one in both. And as he puts his claim, it will not be easy for Lord Selborne acting under the instructions of the present Government in Downing Street to refuse it. We see here in a crude and naked shape a reproduction of the quarrel between the Radical party and the House of Lords. With what face can Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman refuse General Botha's demand that the second chamber shall not be so constituted as to create a permanent opposition to the Government chosen by a majority of the constituencies? And if Lord Selborne's nominations are, under instructions from home, so revised as to place the second chamber under the control of Het Volk, what guarantee remains of British sovereignty? The Boers will not have to fight again for their country: they will merely have to vote. With regard to Chinese labour, we think, as we have always thought, that "a deal" will be made by Het Volk with the Progressives—provided, that is, the latter are allowed to retain their majority in the second chamber. A loan for the assistance of the Boer farmers will be granted, and probably subscribed by the mining magnates, and Chinese coolies will remain until a sufficient number of natives can be found to take their place. As, however, the Boer farmers think that they have a prior lien on Kaffir boys, we should not be surprised if the Chinese remained as long in the Transvaal as the British remained in Egypt—we were always going but never went. That there will be wranglings and janglings between Pretoria and Whitehall on the subject of Chinese labour is certain, so long as the present Parliament endures, and Mr. Mackarness and Major Seely can get people to listen to their pernicious nonsense. The market for South African mining shares will be disturbed so long as this quarrelling goes on, if that is any comfort to Messrs. Mackarness and Seely; but that the Imperial Government will have to accept the decision of the Transvaal Government there can be no doubt. It is the political, not the industrial, future that we view with deep distrust. Confidence is a plant of slow growth, and the Boers have as yet done nothing to encourage its first sproutings. We suppose that the rest of the world regard our South African policy as mad. It would not be the first time that view of our national conduct had been taken by our neighbours. But it is one thing to suffer a reputation for insanity in some noble cause, such as the emancipation of the negro or the protection of the oppressed: it is another to be smiled at as madmen merely to make the acts of a Radical Government square with the "terminological inexactitudes" of a General Election.

THE GERMAN PROGRAMME.

THE attitude of German parties towards the Government is at present undefined, and therefore the future of the Reichstag is "floating in conjecture". Much of course depends upon which horse Prince von Bülow elects to ride; he may indeed be called upon to perform the circus trick of riding several at once. His opening speeches have been singularly successful, even by the admission of hostile critics. He has inherited at all events one characteristic of his greatest predecessor; he never hesitates to tell the truth with a directness that is often defined as brutality. But in truth the German disposition is best suited by a frank declaration. The subtleties of old-established parliamentary devices or the niceties of French parlance, which reveal all without expressing anything, are not suited either to the traditions or the language of Germany. So during the Boer War the Chancellor in the end was seen to have done the right thing when he told the raging Nationalists that their country was totally unfit to meet England in a duel at sea and was unable to find an ally even if she wished to fight.

In the same way but on a different field he has now been telling various political parties of their failings with the relentless clear-sightedness of Goethe when dealing with the human race in general.

"... struck his finger on the place
And said—Thou ailest here and here."

This process is not agreeable to the sufferer but will have beneficial effects in the end. It will be found as the session proceeds that it militates in no way against the Government and the Centre working together if it should be found necessary. Prince von Bülow has quite frankly explained how strained relations have arisen between the Government and the party with whose help it controlled the Reichstag for so long. The tiff which led to the rupture has really nothing in it so fatal and final that the rupture need be permanent. The Government and the Centre are indeed the only factors of the problem which remain stable. Though the Chancellor has won, the strength of one of his adversaries remains unimpaired. He has worsted the real enemy, but that enemy's temporary ally still remains to be reckoned with. The Chancellor is far too shrewd a statesman to ignore this salient fact, and the tone of his speeches shows clearly that he does not; but, on the other hand, he will not bid for support at the price of principle.

It is a singular fact that in outlining his attitude towards the working classes, on whose support it must be remembered to a great extent the Centre relies, the Chancellor used almost the identical arguments put forward by M. Clémenceau in his famous discussion with M. Jaurès, that the demands of labour could all be met by other means than those advocated by the Socialist parties. The Chancellor's theory is that patriotism and social reform may go hand in hand. Cosmopolitanism is not a necessary ingredient in domestic progress and a stable government may effect more than a revolutionary upheaval. This briefly was the gist of the appeal made on behalf of the Government to the German working class. The Chancellor was justified in making it not only by the result of the elections but also by the record of Imperial legislation. He said truly enough that in the matter of social legislation Germany was ahead of all other nations, perhaps he might more correctly have said of all other Great Powers, for in some respects, especially its poor laws, Denmark has attained the highest point both in efficiency and humanity. Still the record of the German Government is in these respects extraordinarily brilliant. If the Chancellor's programme be carried out, it will be enhanced. The present law of *lèse-majesté* is acknowledged to be inconsistent with existing conditions; it often renders authority ridiculous rather than respectable. The official class in Germany has long received very inadequate remuneration for very hard work, and this is to be remedied. The right of public meeting is to be better respected, and the criminal law lightened. Economies are also foreshadowed in military administration. In fact the Chancellor recognises

that the German nation may now safely be trusted with many elementary liberties that in a period of storm and stress when the nation was consolidating itself were only demanded by a minority. He has shown again those statesmanlike qualities which none but ill-informed or prejudiced persons in his own or other countries have ever questioned his possessing in an eminent degree. The attitude of the Government is indeed very easy to define. So long as the German democracy seemed to rely on the good offices of those men alone who would have revolution rather than reform, the Government found that its duty was twofold—to combat revolution and maintain the strength of the country against outside pressure. This position of affairs has been greatly changed by the changed attitude of the electors. There is no sort of doubt now that the nation is determined to maintain its position as a Great Power at all costs. It will not hesitate to spend money to make itself secure, and it will not abandon its possessions over-seas. This fundamental condition being accepted by the German people through the significant appearance at the poll of tens of thousands who usually abstain, the Kaiser and his Government can now afford to abandon many minor points which perhaps were in reality rather causes of irritation than actual safeguards. There is one class which is generally the last to benefit by reforms in Germany as perhaps elsewhere—the lower middle people. To these and to the class above them which merges into the upper the Chancellor addressed some wise words. They are clearly open to a patriotic appeal in Germany, and Prince von Bülow's eloquent advice to them to help reconcile differences between the other sections of the population will hardly fail to meet with an effective response, especially when the plan of reform sketched by him will appeal to them even more than to the more strictly "working class".

It would be rash to attempt any forecast of the means by which the Chancellor proposes to attain his ends. German parties have indeed few analogies with our own. If we defined the National Liberals as 'Liberal Imperialists', we might in some respects be ridiculously wide of the mark, but the so-called Liberal and Radical parties in the Reichstag are undoubtedly Imperialist in the sense of desiring Germany to remain a colonising and expanding Power, and are averse from any retrogression in military or naval efficiency. It is clear that the majority will hang together in these respects, and this means that the Chancellor feels his hands free to reform the Colonial Department and push on his domestic legislation. As to matters which concern foreign nations more intimately we may turn to the Kaiser's speech on opening his Parliament rather than to Prince von Bülow's. So far as foreign relations are concerned the tone is decidedly less nervous than it was a year ago. No distinction is drawn save between allied nations and those that are not. As a French journal puts it, the prevailing note is one of good-humour and sangfroid. In fact it will probably be found that the relations of Germany with other nations will improve when the Imperial Government and the Reichstag no longer eye one another with distrust. A man's attitude towards the outer world is not generally rendered more benevolent when his mind is distracted by domestic jars.

The Kaiser in his speech abstained very wisely from any reference to the Centre. Under such parliamentary conditions as prevail in the Reichstag the French cynic's advice to treat your friends of to-day as if they might be the enemies of to-morrow, and conversely your foes as potential allies, must be ever present to the Government. No attack is made upon Catholicism. Yet it is evident that the Chancellor has no intention of bowing his neck to any clerical yoke. However the Centre has no fundamental objection to colonies. Dr. Spahn, its leader, admits that even democrats can wait before they criticise the estimates, for the prosperity of Germany is such that taxation is as a rule lightly borne. This is indeed one reason why the high price of food did not carry the elections against the Chancellor. It also indicates that Germans still retain sufficient idealism to realise that nations do not live by bread, or meat, alone. Therein lies the surest hope for the permanent triumph of the Kaiser's policy.

RUSKIN AND THE PUBLIC.

WE are glad to say that the question of the reprinting of Ruskin's books in their old and unrevised editions was raised on Wednesday in the House of Commons. Mr. Beckett asked the First Lord of the Treasury "whether his attention had been drawn to the fact that early and defective editions of Ruskin's books, discarded by Ruskin himself, were now being reprinted by several firms of London publishers and offered for sale in Great Britain and in the colonies; and whether, as the reprinting of misleading and obsolete editions of important ethical and scientific works, such as those of Ruskin and Darwin, was becoming so prevalent, he would introduce a Bill amending the law of copyright with a view to check this evil." Mr. Lloyd-George said he could make no promise in regard to early copyright legislation. "But such an evil as that mentioned will not be overlooked when the subject comes to be considered." We suppose this is about as much as can be expected from a Ministry embarrassed as it is by superfluity of Bills, and we may be mildly thankful that the Government has at any rate given a sympathetic answer. The truth is party leaders of to-day in the pressure of partisan interests cannot afford more than sympathy in a case like this. Time and energy have to be reserved for the anxious work of winning and keeping votes. Such details in the life of a nation as literature and art must be left to private enterprise. Ruskin's books or Turner's pictures—what in the world can be made of such things in party politics? In Utopia, however, we can imagine a Prime Minister, even a President of the Board of Trade, attaching great importance to this question of the Ruskin copyrights, and taking prompt action to check what Mr. Lloyd-George frankly speaks of as an evil. Let us see whether they would be justified in doing so.

Ruskin to-day is read by millions of English people. He is not read, in the main, for his criticisms of art. He is read rather for his criticism of life, for his ethics, his precepts. He is increasingly read by poor people, the absolute working folk. Here is an illustration: the Independent Labour party have been buying his works by 500 copies at a time from Mr. George Allen, who alone has the right by law to issue the finally revised editions of his books. Ruskin to-day is an immense educating influence among a host of people of all classes at home and in the colonies. We need not here consider whether this influence is good or bad for English people. It exists; and everything points to the conclusion that it will grow more and more powerful. Therefore it is essential that Ruskin's immense circle of readers should be supplied with the text of his books as he finally revised them and authorised their publication. For years to come, this text can only be issued by Ruskin's own publisher. But, owing to our defective law of copyright, the crude, unrevised, incomplete editions of some of Ruskin's works have gone out of copyright. These have now been reprinted and are being offered for sale, though not of course by Mr. Allen.

In the SATURDAY REVIEW of 15 February Mr. John Murray wrote severely of the reprinting of discarded and misleading editions of great writers, Darwin among others; whilst last week Mr. Alexander Wedderburn K.C. showed in detail the inevitable defects of unrevised editions of Ruskin. "But", it may be argued—and we notice that such papers as the "Daily News" and the "Manchester Guardian" seem leaning somewhat this way—"the flaws, misprints and omissions, about which you are making such a to-do, are mere questions of taste, of artistic feeling, of finical nicety." They say we have proved our case—and yet they are for leniency towards the peccant editions!

That is a wholly wrong view of the case. Taste, accuracy and literary feeling, we admit, do come in. It is unpleasant to find in editions of Ruskin "air" printed "hair", or his expression "fleshy beauty" printed "fleshy beauty". We might almost protest without pedantry against the classicists of some of these publishing establishments translating *Qui judicatis terram*, "They who rule the earth." We

may shiver at some of the "plates" on "fine-art paper", and so forth. But let all this pass. *Hæ nugæ seria ducunt*. Say that taste and the refinements of literary feeling are minor matters which cannot affect the great reading public. All this might be conceded and yet the case for publishing only the fully revised, final and authentic editions of works such as "Modern Painters", "Seven Lamps of Architecture", and "The Stones of Venice" be as strong as ever. Indeed, by setting aside these matters of taste and literary feeling the case for the authoritative and revised editions is actually made clearer.

The real importance of these books lies in their ethics, in what Ruskin has to say of truth and right, falsehood and wrong. Now unfortunately he often wrote in haste as a young man, wanting experience and knowledge. The genius in good measure was there of course from the first, but the intellect was unripe, the wisdom unlearned.

Hence the early editions—"Modern Painters" is perhaps the worst case—were full of grave flaws. How grave they were anybody can soon understand if he will look at the "Notes" and the other new matter in the revised and final editions—but it is the "Notes" which are absolutely indispensable. We have gone through the "Notes" carefully since this discussion about the Ruskin copyright arose, and are impressed by their importance. They must be read into the text. They are the revisions by Ruskin of his crude and immature work, and they represent many years—those of "Modern Painters" not less than thirty-seven years!—of deep and searching thought about some of the chief ethical problems of life.

We have examined, moreover, the whole of the correspondence between Ruskin and his assistants at the time these books were revised. There are dozens of his letters, and they show him at work embodying in the new editions the results of a lifetime of thought and experience. An attempt, we notice with regret, has been made to show that Ruskin was of unsound mind when he carried out this great and patient work of revision. Let no one for a moment believe anything of the kind. The "Notes" themselves, hundreds of them, would prove, were proof needed, that Ruskin was as sane then as he was at any time of his life, absolute master of his intellect. The other new matter—amounting, by the way, in one work ("Modern Painters") to over twenty thousand words!—shows the same thing. And besides there are these letters, strong, always to the point, and full of Ruskin at his best and brightest. We need not, however, labour the point; we should not have referred to the matter had it not been so strangely mooted.

In these letters, and in conversation with friends, and in the "Notes" themselves Ruskin often condemned severely much of his earlier work. He is constantly pointing out in the "Notes" to "Modern Painters", "Seven Lamps" and other books how he blundered in his youthful ignorance and pride; and he tells us what passages we must discount or disregard. Yet in the unauthoritative editions now being published, these "Notes", his final revisions, are not given; his work in its old and condemned form is once again served up.

We notice that Messrs. Dent announce—or a paragraph in the "Chronicle" announces for them—that they will shortly publish eleven volumes of Ruskin's works in a series called "Every man's Ruskin". Is "every man" then to have Ruskin in the old unrevised editions which Ruskin discarded? How else can Messrs. Dent produce Ruskin? They cannot print his works in the finally revised editions because these are copyright and the heirs and publishers of them decline to give away their literary property. We had half hoped Messrs. Dent would abandon the project, and we still find it hard to believe they will serve up Ruskin in the unrevised and obsolete editions. This is not the way they won success and fame as publishers of the admirable "Temple Classics" and other series.

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

(BY A CONSERVATIVE MEMBER.)

THE week has been practically devoted to yet another scheme of Army reform. But though the debates have been of a military character they have provoked no militant spirit. This may be largely attributed to the fact that the Radicals below the gangway have been conspicuous by their absence throughout the Army discussion. At one time during Mr. Haldane's speech on Monday a Unionist member took the trouble to count the members present of the "vast Democratic majority" that "means business" so seriously; he found them to amount to fewer than one hundred. No doubt the "business" of the defence of our Empire is not of sufficient importance to engage the attention or occupy the minds of these gentlemen; and, besides, quite a battalion of them were sent off to the defence of Brigg—a movement which produced an excellent result in the loss of the seat.

Length tempered with lucidity may be taken as an accurate description of Mr. Haldane's pronouncement. The Secretary for War has not an attractive delivery; his voice has few variations from a single high-pitched monotone, and he uses no other gesture than a singular muscle-tied deprecatory action with the hands that, linked with a lack of humorous relief, makes a three hours speech somewhat of an ordeal to listeners.

The occasion, however, was a great one and Mr. Haldane's effort was worthy of it. He took his subject by the hand rather than grappled with it, and led it gingerly before the House; his experience at the War Office and the complication of the problem to be solved induced him to speak even kindly of his predecessors. The acrimony of critics is often to be measured by their ignorance. The principal attention of the House of Commons seemed to fix itself on the second line of defence—the territorial army—if that is the right name. (Mr. Winston Churchill later in the week indicated that one of the new armies might be called the National, the other the Imperial, but could not tell us which was which.) Cynics have attributed the efficiency of our Navy partly to the alleged fact that no member of Parliament knows anything about it and therefore says nothing. This corollary by the way shows as insufficient an acquaintance with members of Parliament as the latter possess of the sea. But whether there be any half-truth secreted in the declaration or not, it certainly is the fact that the House contains many Army experts of varying attainments in the regions of critical research, and it was over the territorial army that the experts principally hovered. A large number of members hold commissions in the militia, yeomanry or volunteers, and as Mr. Haldane touched in turn on the three branches of our auxiliary forces, one could without difficulty pick out and place each member in the one to which he belonged.

The volunteers give the scheme a dubious assent. The yeomanry are frankly dissatisfied, as is not surprising if they are to lose four-fifths of their pay and be stripped of their fine feathers. As for the militia, they could not be worse treated were they the House of Lords; they are to be frankly abolished.

The feeling, however, undoubtedly is to give Mr. Haldane's scheme fair play. Subject to alterations that may be made before it finally leaves the domain of those whose duty it is to profess criticism and proffer alterations, there is every intention when the plan is put into operation to help—not to hinder. Unionists are too much impressed by the gravity of the problem, and are too eager that "a way will be found", to make any attempt to lower the Imperial importance of its solution to the dusty ruts of party politics. This was made abundantly clear by the speeches of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Wyndham, as also by the attitude of Unionists on the back benches when Mr. Haldane was speaking. The War Secretary is not the most popular of Ministers with that portion of his party mingling below the gangway: he is suspect of an interest in the Empire and an affection for Lord Rosebery. His oratory on Monday was certainly more frequently encouraged by the Opposition than by his own supporters, to many of whom the Army is merely a necessity of Imperial

responsibility, and who would be glad to see therefore any opportunity of ridding themselves of two offences at one stroke.

During certain portions of his speech they became visibly uneasy and dissentient, and when Mr. Haldane expressed the certainty of his conviction that he could rely on the assistance of the country gentlemen in some important particulars, seeing that they had so often rendered able and unselfish service in the past, the discomfort of these large-minded patriots was ill-covered by their sneers. Mr. Paul, wearing a faded blossom of wit once last session, told those who cared to hear that the men of whom he was speaking were not fools, "on the contrary they were country gentlemen". But it is not to be expected that even with the assistance of Mr. Herbert Paul the continental education of Mr. Chiozza Money on such points of gentle deed and duty could be quite complete after so short a time of insular qualification.

Mr. McKenna's Education Bill contained very much what was expected. Had the original Bill been confined to these limits a great deal of time would have been spared for better things. Packed into its small compass, however, is sufficient of injustice and vindictiveness to call forth a pithy protest from Mr. Balfour, and to drive the whole of the Nationalist members into the Unionist lobby against a Home Rule Government. Packed also into the short ten minutes allowed him by the rules of the House, Mr. McKenna managed to compress sufficient matter of controversy to offend Churchmen and please Mr. Perks. The new Minister obviously attempted at one bounce to compass the good graces of the extremists, and to win the piteously sought opinion of the insatiable who govern the Government.

On Wednesday after dinner the Radical majority disestablished and disendowed the Church so far as the motion of a private member and a majority of two hundred could manage the matter; but this is small beer for the present party in power and drew little attention. Mr. Birrell's estimate of the Church seemed to be that it served at times as a counter-attraction to a game of billiards; the Chapel perhaps does not.

CAVALRY JOTTINGS.—III.

A TRANSLATION of yet another German book on cavalry* has recently appeared. It is a critical study of the advance of the German cavalry across the Mosel in 1870. It is thoroughly German in its minuteness and exhaustive analysis of the reasons for action taken or neglected, of orders issued or unissued, and of how they were carried out or the reverse. It is now an old story how the German cavalry profiting by the lessons drawn from its failure in 1866, also from the notorious lack of training in 1870 of the French army, made great use of the arm in the latter campaign. During the thirty-five years that have since elapsed the excellence of the work performed on this occasion by the German cavalry divisions has been held up as a model to all the world. But General von Pelet Narbonne, who took part in that same work, tells in his book how, great as were the successes, there were many instances where opportunities were lost and where the duties were carried out in a manner far from satisfactory.

This peculiar German system of critical self-examination and tireless striving for increased efficiency in the future is also conspicuous in General von Bernhardt's book. Readers of Bernhardt would do well to study the introduction to Mr. Goldman's translation, written by Sir John French. Opinions naturally differ as to the capabilities of this officer, but, apart from his uniform success in South Africa, it would be difficult to name another among our generals who has given higher proofs of being at the same time a well-read student of war and a practical soldier. Hence it comes that all he says on the subject of our cavalry is worthy of the closest attention. The gist of his discourse in this introduction is the absurdity of the stress laid on the

* "Cavalry on Service. Illustrated by the Advance of the German Cavalry across the Mosel in 1870." Translated from the German of General v. Pelet Narbonne by Major D'A. Legard, 17th Lancers. London: Rees. 1906.

power of the modern rifle, as against that of shock-action by cavalry, by some of our infantry officers who, through the medium of a docile press, are enabled to attract the attention of the public to their sayings, wise and otherwise. Now Sir John French, in doing this, by no means poses as the typical "sabreur", for he readily admits that the best leader of cavalry in future wars will be the officer who knows how, where and when to resort to the rifle. But in thus advocating the resort to fire-action when favourable opportunities occur he is a staunch advocate of "resolute offence" on the part of our cavalry, irrespective of the particular arm they may employ, sabre, lance or rifle, under the ever-varying conditions of warfare.

It may be said truly that since the war in South Africa our cavalry has become divided into two separate schools. (1) Those who hope and pray for an opportunity to deliver a successful charge and intend most assuredly to use it, and (2) those who in their heart of hearts think that they would prefer to receive a cavalry charge with rifle-fire. Now, judging from all teachings of war, not excepting our experiences in South Africa, it would be well if the British commander who looks to his cavalry brigadiers to be effective leaders of horse, as distinct from commanders of mounted troops, were to select his officers from among the first class rather than from among the second. It is unpleasant to meditate upon the probable outcome of a cavalry combat led on the one side by men of the above-mentioned second class, and on the other by men of the type advocated by Bernhardt.

General French fully realises the very great advantages which will accrue to the commander in the future who is in a position to dispose of a superior force of cavalry in the great cavalry combat which will take place either before the opposing armies come to blows or later on when they are engaged, by operating on their flank.

Bernhardt attaches perhaps somewhat undue importance to the effect of rifle-fire as an auxiliary weapon in the great cavalry combat. It appears almost certain that in such an affair both horse artillery and machine-gun fire will be more effective than will the rifle-fire of dismounted troopers. For neither of these is nearly so much affected by excitement as are individuals armed with rifles. Only those who have taken part in cavalry actions can realise how, owing to the rapid movement of the horses, the demands upon the physical energy of the men and the fact that the whole picture of war is placed in front of the actors—a picture ever changing with almost kaleidoscopic rapidity—all ranks become embued with a phase of war fever which is prejudicial to the accuracy of rifle-fire, and which affects even the coolest of men. The mere pace and the hustle and hurry of dismounting and running up to the point to be held equally affect the accuracy of rifle-fire. If one may criticise such an expert as Bernhardt, it would almost seem as if he underrated, on the other hand, the extraordinary advance made during the last few years in the killing power of horse artillery. Competent judges in our Service are of opinion that the excellent guns recently issued to our Royal Horse Artillery have three times the killing power of those which preceded them.

With such an armament at his disposal, the ideal situation from the point of view of a British cavalry leader engaged in a big cavalry combat would be for his machine-guns to hold suitable points d'appui whilst his horse artillery did the killing work. In fact the two arms, cavalry and guns, must ever play into one another's hands, some portion of each being thrown out on the flanks. To dismount men in a big cavalry fight in order to use their rifles, save only on exceptional occasions when they are intended to deceive the enemy and simulate infantry in position, is to paralyse the initiative of the leader and to forego the whole advantage of a highly trained and mobile arm. For in such a combat it is essential that not only should the horse artillery be perfectly trained and well armed, but that the leader should be able to use such an arm with full effect, and lastly that his cavalry should be thoroughly trained so as to take advantage instantly of the effect produced by the sister arm.

Bernhardt freely admits that the difficulties of success-

ful cavalry action have been enormously increased owing to the extended formations in which infantry now work, and also owing to the impossibility of locating precisely an enemy's position, thanks to smokeless powder and vastly increased ranges. He then proceeds to demonstrate how success may be reasonably expected by the employment of an adequate force of highly trained cavalry that will not hesitate, on occasions arising, to incur heavy losses in order to clear the atmosphere of the "fog of war" surrounding the main forces in the field. In view of that travesty of modern war witnessed in the advance on Pretoria it is refreshing to read Bernhardt's sardonic if somewhat bloodthirsty dictum: "Advantages in war must be fought for, they cannot be filched."

This ancient truism might be taken to heart by those commanders in South Africa who habitually found fault with cavalry leaders whenever the latter had the bad luck to lose a few men. It is notorious that more than one column leader, apprehensive of receiving such a reprimand, was induced to hold his hand at moments when a little dash would have been invaluable.

Yet another aphorism of Bernhardt may be commended to Lord Roberts. "The employment of cavalry as the infallible means of circumventing points of resistance is entirely untenable." How often in the strangely prolonged South African war our leaders sought to ensure bloodless "victories" by attempting to "circumvent", by means of mounted troops, positions lightly held by a foe possessed of double the mobility of the so-called attackers! As regards the proportion of cavalry to the other arms, Bernhardt advocates "as much as possible for strategic independence and as little as possible for the necessary work of the infantry divisions", and in order to reduce this latter urges the greater employment of cycles. He is, however, aware of the uncertain nature of these machines and how often they may and do fail on emergencies. This is also our experience; the machines usually supplied being too delicate for the rough usage of war. It will come as a shock to some of our army organisers who would employ mounted infantry or yeomanry to carry out divisional cavalry duties that this German expert insists on the divisional cavalry being composed of "men possessed of good individual horsemanship even more than those of the independent divisions for the performance of their special duties", which he asserts "can never be attained with untrained horses".

The book contains some excellent advice on "horse-mastership". The author, speaking from his vast practical experience, is violently opposed to bivouacking horses, save under rare emergencies. Even on outpost duty the bulk of the cavalry should take shelter behind the infantry outposts, and only the distant patrol services be left to the horsemen. The main cause of our terrible loss of horseflesh in South Africa was due to our cavalry horses, which were chiefly English and accustomed to stables, being always bivouacked and hence rarely getting sleep, combined with overwork and shortness of food. I remember how some weeks before the advance on Kimberley an infantry general of great renown ordered the cavalry horses to be put on what was practically half-rations, and this despite the earnest protestations of the cavalry officers who predicted that the horses would inevitably break down and die. They did break down, and did die, and at once our cavalry officers were reviled for their lack of care of their horses. But it is not only English generals who thus distinguish themselves, for Bernhardt tells us of general and superior officers who, "basing their knowledge of cavalry on war games and staff rides", made demands upon the arm which are absolutely impossible in war.

Bernhardt is excellent on the conduct of patrols. He insists upon the great importance of always having an officer in command where decision, energy and initiative are demanded. To do this, of course, a full complement of trained officers is required. Now this is about the very last thing which troubles the heads of our military authorities, who are seemingly quite content to see our cavalry regiments in the emasculated condition already described. What the wastage of officers is in a cavalry regiment engaged on

detached duties in war is probably not realised by their brethren of the infantry and is unknown to the civilian world. For besides the losses in action there is the daily drain due to casualties incurred by reconnaissances, patrols, scouts, despatch riders, &c. It would be instructive to take a typical regiment of our cavalry, such as the 9th Lancers, and to reckon up the wastage due to bullet and disease among the officers of the three squadrons which crossed the Orange River in November 1899. I fancy it would come as a surprise to not a few.

Part II. deals with the "organisation and training," and here the author starts with the declaration that the German cavalry is "numerically inadequate to meet the demands" which will be made upon it in war, and clamours for an increase. This, with some 470 effective squadrons! So much for German ideals, but what about our British ideal of forty to fifty squadrons with nothing to fall back upon?—for it should be understood that the duties which cavalry must be able to perform cannot be done by Mr. Haldane's Yeomanry corps. Nor is the vast difference between German and English ideals fully shown by these numbers, for a German regiment consists of five squadrons, of which four take the field, whereas we have recently reduced our regiments to three service squadrons! On this point of squadrons Bernhardt quotes Pelet Narbonne, who declares that "the cavalry regiment of four squadrons would ruin our cavalry". Hence the German fifth squadron.

I would most respectfully call Mr. Haldane's attention to this portion of the book, for it is hard to imagine a stronger indictment of his "advisers" on the Army Council and their views on the organisation of cavalry.

No pains must be spared to attract to the cavalry the very best, most intelligent and most highly educated of our army candidates, either by accelerated promotion or higher pay or by both. And there must be no more snobbery in this matter. At present about half of our cavalry regiments are short of officers simply because of the expense of living, whereas for our Indian cavalry, where officers get a living wage and not that of a journeyman carpenter or plumber, they can get as many officers as they require.

GREY SCOUT.

NOTE.—There are a few minor mistakes on the part of the translator. To "couple" horses is to "link" them, not to "knee-halter" them, as stated. But these are small matters. Mr. Goldman is to be congratulated upon the excellent way in which he has brought this invaluable book within the ken of the British public, including, let us hope and pray, the Army Council.

THE CITY.

DURING the month just passed a list of representative securities shows a net depreciation of about £27,000,000. It is no wonder that stagnation continues to be the order of the day on the Stock Exchange. The persistent dearth of money and the constant demands of the American railway companies, whose directors are placing large lines of short-term 5 per cent. notes in London, are the causes of the decline in prices. There never was a better time to get into the market, or a worse time to get out of it. That is why the trust companies in London are all flourishing, and their directors rubbing their hands over the lamentations of the Stock Exchange. The trust companies are capitalists that are never obliged to sell; they are professional bargain-hunters, and the embarrassments of others are their opportunity. What people are asking one another is when this depreciation of values is going to stop. The answer doubtless is when prices have reached a basis that will tempt new buying. The so-called Harriman disclosures have again upset the American market, though Mr. Harriman told in the witness-stand nothing which Wall Street did not know, and nothing which really affected the value of even the railways with which the witness is connected, still less of other lines. Mr. Harriman's method of amassing millions is, like all the operations of genius, distinguished by its extreme

simplicity. As the chairman of the Union Pacific he makes up his mind (and that of his colleagues) that it would be for the benefit of the Company to possess certain property, the Alton line, or the S. Joe and Grand Island road, or Burlington and Quincy, or Northern Pacific shares. Doubtless the decision is perfectly sound as a policy. But then Mr. Harriman, as an individual, goes to his brokers, Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and instructs them to buy the shares in question, which are then offered to the Union Pacific Company at a higher price, and of course accepted by Messrs. Harriman and his colleagues. The plan is charming, and that Mr. Harriman makes a profit of \$2,000,000 (£400,000) on some of these deals is a detail with which he cannot burden his memory. On many of these deals his profit must have been much larger. To carry out operations of this kind, a man must be assisted by wealthy brokers, banks, and trusts. It is difficult to see what the Inter-States Commerce Commission, or any committee of shareholders even shepherded by the redoubtable Sam Untermyer, can do about it. Mr. Harriman has made the money, and the Union Pacific Company has got the shares, and, as Dr. Johnson would say, "There's an end on't." Nor has it proved a bad bargain for the Union Pacific, which is paying a dividend of 10 per cent., and whose stock stood at 200 the other day, though now it is down to 174. The most unpleasant feature of the inquiry was Mr. Harriman's apparently quite gratuitous attack on Mr. Stuyvesant Fish for regarding the Illinois Central as his "personal property". This from Mr. Harriman was rather a case of Satan reproving sin, and doubtless Mr. Fish will have some nasty things to say of his assailants. But when railway magnates in America fall foul of one another, Wall Street operators run to cover, which is probably the reason of the slump in Yankees on Thursday. But this quarrel must blow over, and in the meantime most shares look very cheap; for example, Baltimores at 112, Steel Commons at 44, and Unions at 174.

Towards the end of the week there was a slight recovery in Consols, which rose to 87½, in Home rails, and in Japanese bonds. South African mines remain in a state of suspended animation, waiting to see what is going to happen about Chinese labour, a question which will probably not be settled for the next six months, during which there will doubtless be many ups and downs. The bear-selling of the Siberian group seems to have ceased, and Siberian Props, Troitzks and Orsks are simply dead for the time being. Australian Deep Leads are anxiously expecting a cable from Melbourne to say that the rich wash has at last been entered. The last cable, announcing 17 dwts. per fathom from the washing of two fathoms of gravel, disappointed the supporters of these shares, though the result was not so bad as it was made out. The Premier of Newfoundland carried a Bill through the House of Assembly for granting a subsidy of £15,000 a year to a line of steamers to run by a new route to Canada from Killary Harbour in Ireland in three days. If this is true, it will knock the Black Sod Bay route on the head. The London contractors are said to be Messrs. Ochs Brothers, a firm of cosmopolitan financiers known in the City by the promotion and liquidation of mysterious syndicates, and by the flotation of several South African companies, none of which have been exactly successful. We hope that the firm will find the running of steamers more profitable than mining in the Transvaal.

INSURANCE: LIABILITY TO DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

THE insurance companies have been very busy sending out prospectuses for policies insuring against the liabilities of employers under the Workmen's Compensation Act 1906; but the public have not as yet responded very readily, being indisposed to pay premiums now for providing against a liability which does not commence until 1 July. A great many complaints are made against employers being burdened with this liability, but they seem to us by no means

reasonable. The original Workmen's Compensation Act of 1897 limited the benefits to certain classes of workpeople, but it was always contemplated that the scope of the Act should be extended after a little experience, and that almost all workers should be covered by it. It is true that the compensation which may have to be paid is heavy, but the cost of insurance is extremely small and the financial burden on employers is almost inappreciable. Much complaint is heard about the drafting of the Act: on a number of important points it is hopelessly obscure.

The question of casual labour is viewed very differently by various authorities. Are we, or are we not, liable for injury by accident to charwomen, window-cleaners, jobbing gardeners, and other workpeople casually employed? Nobody is quite sure. Some insurance companies at first took the view that a householder was not responsible to a charwoman coming in regularly one day a week, but this interpretation of the Act has been generally abandoned, and it is now possible under the policies of some companies to insure for certain specified casual employees; but we have not yet seen any policy which affords complete protection against responsibility for payment in the event of injury to any and every person who may be employed. It is probable that before 1 July really comprehensive policies covering every conceivable risk in connexion with employees will be issued. Although as a rule it is a bad plan to put off insuring, in this particular case it seems to us that people would do well to wait.

That insurance is essential for protection against this new liability is very clear when we consider the nature of the compensation. In the event of incapacity by accident the injured employee is to receive half wages, not however exceeding £1 a week; in determining the "wages", board, lodging, and other allowances are taken into account in addition to the money payment. No compensation is to be paid if the incapacity only lasts one week, nor is anything to be paid for the first week unless the incapacity lasts more than a fortnight: in all other cases, however, compensation has to be paid during the entire period of incapacity, starting from the date of the accident. If the incapacity is permanent the injured servant is entitled to half wages, not exceeding £52 a year for the whole of life. If death results, and anyone is left who was wholly dependent upon the servant, the compensation is three years' wages, not however exceeding £300, or being less than £150. Any money paid for compensation between the accident and the death can be deducted. If the servant leaves anyone who was partly dependent the amount of compensation is to be settled by agreement or arbitration; if there was no one dependent the employer is only responsible for reasonable medical and funeral expenses, not exceeding £10.

These liabilities can be insured against for a premium of 3s. a year for each indoor domestic servant, a payment which no one would hesitate to make in order to avoid responsibility for the heavy compensation for which he might at any time become liable. Although the premium is so small, the choice of a policy is a matter of importance. It is necessary to see that it covers every employee, regular or casual; that it is free from pitfalls which might, when a claim arose, be the means of leaving the employer responsible, and that it is effected with a company which is well established and financially strong.

OLD BAILEY—NEW BUILDINGS, NEW WAYS.

WITH the exception of Westminster Hall, there is no place in England, or perhaps elsewhere in Europe, that has been so long associated with the administration of the law as the site on which the new buildings of the Old Bailey now stand. As a court the Old Bailey was comparatively modern, and there were courts at Westminster centuries before the Old Bailey Sessions were an institution of the City of London. But the Common Law Courts have for years been removed from Westminster, and the tradition was abruptly broken when Queen Victoria opened the Courts in the Strand. For four or

five hundred years at least there has been a criminal court known as the Old Bailey; but for twice that period there has been the prison of the New Gate, the latest of the gates made in the Old Ballium or Wall of the City. From being a gatehouse prison it grew to be the principal prison of the City, and the trials of the prisoners began to be held there, and prison and courthouse together became the chief seat and oracle of crime. There have been many prisons known as Newgate on the area on which the new Courts opened by the King and Queen on Wednesday now stand. None of them was architecturally so striking a type of the sombre character of the criminal law as that erected by Dance in 1770, which eight years afterwards was sacked and burned in the Lord George Gordon No-Popery Riots.

It was with this building that all Londoners were familiar until four or five years ago. The prison dominated the scene, a black blot to the eye, incongruous with its surroundings and repulsive to those whom it reminded of its loathsome story. Gradually its worst features disappeared. For forty years there have been no public executions. One feels relieved that he can now turn from Holborn into Newgate Street without having to pass the old debtors' door, that wicked portal of sheet iron in which remained the signs that the scaffolds had been supported by it. Private executions also are things of the past in Newgate, and one may now listen to the striking or S. Sepulchre's Church clock without being haunted by the thought that it is striking terror into the heart of a fellow-creature near. Newgate is indeed hardly any longer a prison but a house of temporary detention for prisoners about to be tried, who after sentence will be transferred to other buildings, terrible in some degree as Newgate itself used to be. Unfortunately there are still in the midst of men's homes prisons where the death-penalty is inflicted, to the shuddering disgust of those who live near. But very rarely can it happen that elsewhere so many are ever lying waiting for death as at Newgate, and never anywhere than at Newgate has the scaffold been so regularly erected. Newgate ceases to be a hideous museum of horrors. In the new precincts there will no longer be the press yard with its memories of the *peine forte et dure*, nor the condemned cell, nor the prison cemetery, with its ghastly record of carved names and initials. Its portable relics we believe have been taken to other museums or acquired by individuals whose treasures and tastes we do not envy. The City may congratulate itself that an actual if not a formal lustration has been performed on this hateful spot whose history has been moral and physical foulness. The chronicles of Newgate are the chronicles of a history without dignity. Every detail of them is horrible or sordid except when Howard or Mrs. Fry appears to make fruitless efforts to wake the public conscience to some sense of the iniquities it heeded not. Newgate Prison was a monument of the very darkest ages of our social life. We may take the new Courts as a symbol of new ideas which make the past seem so monstrous. Since 1834, when the Old Bailey became known as the Central Criminal Court for the whole of Greater London, most of the great changes in the criminal law and prison administration have been introduced. It is very probable that further changes still will be seen, and that the Central Criminal Court by an extension of its present jurisdiction will supersede the Sessional Courts in the metropolitan area which try the same kind of cases as the Central Criminal Court except cases of murder. This is very much to be desired. One advantage would be the trial of all serious cases either by judges who are members of the greatest Criminal Court of the country, as the Central Criminal Court is *de facto* though not *de jure*, or by the judges of the High Court. The fewer the courts the more likely is justice to be administered without wrong being done through the defects of temper or ability of their judges. A Central Criminal Court so enlarged would serve as a model for other provincial Central Criminal Courts, where prisoners would be tried within a reasonable period without being detained, as they are at present, for months, though they may ultimately be acquitted. This is a scandal which has been exposed

and condemned for many years; and if it is not known in London it is principally due to the regular sittings of the Central Criminal Court. The building of new courts at the Old Bailey may be the means by which the metropolitan courts for indictable offences will be centralised, and after that the rest of the country might not have to wait much longer for a similar reform.

If a Court of Criminal Appeal is instituted, these changes will be the more required in order to lessen the number of cases which may be referred to it. One of the uncertainties about a Court of Criminal Appeal is the amount of extra work it would throw on the judges. It would be quite a satisfactory consequence of the creation of the new court if it became impossible to work it without making the series of changes we have mentioned. The great reforms in the law now due are not such as were needed when the Old Bailey was sending scores of men and boys, women and girls to the scaffold or to transportation for crimes which would now be punished with a few weeks' imprisonment or be dealt with under the First Offenders Act. The substance of the law has improved, and it is now in spirit as mild as the manners of the Bench and Bar at the Old Bailey compared with what they were in the days of Mr. Chaffinbrass. In the matter of punishment and prison administration, brutal callousness and indifference to the accused have given place to an earnest desire to reconcile justice with mercy in his own interests and in those of society. But this is a problem far more complex than anything purely legal, and its solution will be as gradual as the improvement in social knowledge and institutions. Sentences which are often now haphazard and unjust because there is practically no check on the idiosyncrasies of recorders or chairmen of quarter sessions, lawyers or laymen, might even at present be made less irrational with fewer courts and a revising court of criminal appeal. This court seems likely before long to become a part of our regular system of criminal courts. If then the courts of the Metropolis were centralised in one great Central Criminal Court and the provincial courts were organised in a similar way, the most pressing and practical legal reform of our day would be accomplished. It is agreed that these things ought to be done. No more argument is needed about them than there was to convince the City Corporation that the Old Bailey must be razed and a New Bailey take its place more adapted to the twentieth century than the Bailey of the eighteenth. It is not a matter of convincing our Lord Chancellors and Home Secretaries and other persons in authority but of moving them, and they are even harder to move than the City fathers who talked long about the Old Bailey before they began the new one. And yet the Old Bailey was not more out of date than is much of our legal fabric. But the genius and zeal of the great legal architects such as Brougham and Cairns and Selborne seem to have departed.

THE CALM.

WHERE is the gale that blew
Outside this morning?

From sea up to cloud it flew
At grey light's dawning.

With a scream like the hawk on high,
And far-rushing wing,
It swept with a sad low cry
As a phantom thing.

And all the throb and the swirl
Of the loose-leapt wind
Left neither eddy nor whirl
In its track behind,

Left neither hollow nor hill,
But a dew-drop calm,
Where no nature-note was shrill
In the sunlight's balm.

GEORGE IVES.

THE CARELESS CHILDREN.*

THE general impression left upon a reader's, or at any rate on this reader's, mind after a study of Mr. Kidd's examples and deductions is that Pondo or Zulu children are in most particulars exceedingly like any other children who chance to arrive in this world with white instead of black skins. They play the same games, or, if girls, love the same dolls, as for the matter of that the old Egyptians did long ago. Indeed the doll make-believe appears to be carried further than is common in Europe. Thus the small Kaffirs build actual huts for them in place of the Dutch houses that here are provided ready made from the toyshop. They give them stones to grind their corn, mats for sleeping, pots for cooking, and so forth. They provide them with a cattle-kraal stocked with clay oxen, goats and fowls. They marry them in a realistic manner, singing the appropriate songs. The owner of a boy-doll will manufacture and pay away ten clay cattle in order to supply it with a wife or wives in the shape of properly—or improperly—dressed female dolls, and with such married puppets a lad may play although it is beneath his dignity to amuse himself with an unwed maiden doll.

So it is with everything else. They have their parties which last all night, and their clans that play with or more generally fight other clans belonging to the next kraal or tribe. The sense of honour is very fully developed in them, and the sense of greediness still more, so much so indeed that they will stuff themselves with half-cooked and unplucked birds caught in the veld, which, did they bring them home, they fear would be taken from them and eaten by their elders. They manufacture excellent traps to catch these birds and other wild things, such as mice, which they also eat. They possess an elaborate system of fagging, and a good fight with sticks, not fists, is the joy of their hearts. As at home the boys look down upon the girls, except on certain occasions, when for instance a pair of them will share the same pempe, or bird-scaring hut, in which they play at being sweethearts, the head boy choosing the best-favoured girl, or sometimes the prettiest girl selecting her own boy. They have their vices, of which the missionaries can tell much, but of course in a work of this nature these are slurred over. Also they have their virtues, such as politeness, obedience, and family affection, although Mr. Kidd says that when the boys become adult they care no more for their mothers, being henceforth almost entirely taken up with the pleasures of life. Upon this point I may add that the author's experience does not altogether tally with my own recollection. I have known grown-up Kaffirs to be extremely fond not only of their own mothers but of all their father's other wives, though doubtless, being nearer to the animal as a race, they are apt like animals to forget those who bore and nurtured them when they no longer need their protecting care. But the parents do not forget, or even the grandparents, uncles, and other relatives; indeed the affection which they show for young people is often very beautiful and touching. I never remember hearing of such atrocities happening among natives as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children bring to light annually by the thousand in our highly civilised and Christian land, and I believe that the father or relation who was guilty of such deeds would be killed or at least driven out of the tribe. Often it is far otherwise. Thus I recall that during the Matabele war a native soldier was seen running away with a bundle on his back. As the chase of him went on, in his wild effort to save his life, he threw away everything he carried, his pots, his blanket, even his assegai, all except the bundle. At length he was run down, and this bundle was found to contain his sister's heavy two-year-old child.

As anyone who is acquainted with them will know, Kaffir children lead an extremely happy life. Their appearance in the world being desired and brought about under the most sane and sanitary conditions, they seem to suffer but little from ill-health. Their cheerfulness is amazing, and unless they happen to be

* "Savage Childhood." By Dudley Kidd. London: Black. 1906. 7s. 6d. net.

Christians they have no school or prospective examinations to trouble them, nor are they ever overworked in other ways. Lastly they are not called upon to shrink from the spiritual fears and shadows which are more or less inseparable from religion, as we understand the word. No invisible, almighty Power is waiting to punish them, should they do wrong, or ultimately to drag them to some dreadful place, although it is true that in such circumstances the tribal spirit, or Itongo, may make itself disagreeable in various ways. Death and its terrors are far from them; in fact even as grown men they do not, or used not to, fear death, which it would seem they look on as a painless sleep, notwithstanding their belief in ghosts. In short, like their elders they live a life of ideal physical happiness. What has the Kaffir to fear who dwells under the shadow of the British flag? He can no longer be killed at the whim of some chief or enemy. He is not pestered by our gnawing ambitions and ever-increasing needs; his nerves and his bodily state are perfect; he has food, wives, children to his heart's desire, and he can generally win wealth, that is, cattle, if he wishes for them and chooses to work. Indeed as he goes on in years the giving of his numerous daughters in marriage provides him with these automatically, and in so large a country they increase without cost or trouble to himself. Perhaps the only unhappy creatures in an average kraal are the poor old women, who being "finished" and of no further use are looked down upon and neglected by everyone, and sometimes left to support themselves as best they can. All the rest rejoice from sunrise to set and from year's end to year's end, till at length in old age they sink to sleep, having for the most part lacked nothing except, it may be, the delights of war. Their life is one long, animal joy, which, however much it may shock us, suits them extremely well.

That this does shock the white man there is no doubt, the missionary for certain obvious reasons, and the colonist for others, while all are perhaps unconsciously irritated by the spectacle of such complete content in a world that for most is honeycombed with sorrows. Moreover, the white man wants labour and understands very clearly that this state of affairs prevents the Kaffir from working and forces him, the superior being, to import Chinamen to do what, in South Africa, it is not in accordance with his custom or his dignity to do himself. So he declares, by no means beneath his breath, that the Kaffir is a worthless, idle fellow. On the first point the Kaffir differs from him and the two races may be left to argue the matter out, which in the future they will doubtless do at the muzzles of guns and the points of spears, as to a small extent they have already done in the past. As to the second—and this Mr. Kidd demonstrates very well—the Kaffir is not really idle; only he objects to work of a sort that does not interest him at all. What to him are railways and telephones and holes in the ground out of which it amuses a mad race to dig gold? He has his own equivalents for all such things, and to procure them he will work hard enough. See him hunting for his food or raising his corn for the winter store, or building a hut for a new wife, or engaged in the labours of battle at the bidding of his chief. Then the Kaffir works as hard as any European, for he works for what he wants, not for what the white man wants. Perhaps in time to come the white man's needs will grow desirable in his eyes also, and then doubtless he will strive for them and become a new man, having eaten of the tree of knowledge. That must be our part, to raise his ideals to our own, and the rest will follow.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who knew the natives better perhaps than any other Englishman ever has or ever will again, used to say to me that they must learn by the creation of new wants and new desires to work as we do for several generations, before we could hope really to civilise or still more to Christianise them. It seems probable that he was right. As a Buddhist would say, they are several "Rounds" behind the highly developed European.

Perhaps the most interesting portions of Mr. Kidd's book are those in which he treats of the superstitions connected with childbirth and childhood, some of which, or their counterparts, are not unknown in our

own enlightened land. It appears, to take an instance, although for this we have no parallel, that among the Kaffirs women think that if they eat the flesh of porcupines their children will be very ugly. The native doctor, however, is equal to the occasion. He gives to the expectant lady porcupine to eat that has been treated with his medicine and the evil is averted. What is this but a primitive application of our novel discovery of anti-toxins? Another strange prejudice is that which the Kaffirs entertain against twins, that are held to be most unlucky, although oddly enough a twin is always expected to be clever. So pronounced is this dislike that in the old days a woman who produced twins for the second time was put to death. Its origin appears to be that to produce more than one offspring at a birth like a dog or a pig is supposed to be bestial, an odd idea indeed to enter the head of a people with such strong animal proclivities.

Formerly one twin was killed, generally by its grandmother, or sometimes the father would choke it with a lump of earth, or it was exposed, or thrown into a river. Once a friend of my own, attracted by a sound of feeble wailing, found such an unfortunate infant lying beneath a bush, and saved its life. On the other hand, the surviving twin, if looked upon with a doubtful eye, is treated with great respect as a person of most unnatural abilities, such as a foreknowledge of the weather and a power of averting sickness. To strike or otherwise injure a twin is very ill-omened, and in the case of war he has the honour of being placed in the forefront of the battle, as a wild and fearless person. The twin's own views upon the subject are not recorded, nor does Mr. Kidd tell us what happens among the Bantu peoples when one of their women produces triplets. Probably the whole tribe is convulsed.

The natives seem to think it astonishing that infants should be afraid of feathers, nor does Mr. Kidd advance any explanation of this fact. Yet one suggests itself. Many European parents must have noticed how terrified their babies are of fur. Is not the reason to be found in the circumstance that without doubt countless numbers of their remote forefathers were devoured by fur-bearing animals, and may not many little Kaffirs in the past have been eaten by eagles and vultures, which are very hungry fowl? Doubtless all these things come down with the blood, perhaps even from that dim time when man was something else.

I have said already that it would appear that on the whole, although their minds may move a little more slowly at first, there is but a small difference between the Kaffir and the European infant. Afterwards hereditary influences may count for much, but it is a question whether environment does not count for more. Mr. Kidd says:—

"Our main aim in the education of backward races should be to draw out, discipline, and strengthen the various faculties (and specially the imagination) of the children, so that when the age of puberty arrives these faculties may be able to resist the degenerative and blighting tendencies that must soon arise. The politician in South Africa pays attention chiefly to the question of the franchise of the native; the statesman is profoundly interested in the education of the children."

Few will differ from this opinion; only is the South African "statesman" so profoundly interested in the matter as Mr. Kidd seems to think? If so, it is of good augury for the future of the Bantu people.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

JAMES CHARLES AND ROBERT BROUGH.

IN the last room at Burlington House is a group of paintings by the late James Charles; and now at the Leicester Galleries there is an exhibition of his work which gives fuller opportunity for reviewing it. Mr. Clausen has written for the catalogue a preface full of cordial sympathy and admiration; but in spite of Mr. Clausen I do not find these paintings and sketches deeply interesting. They are the work of an unpretentious, straightforward artist, always, as Mr. Clausen says, "a student", always seeking for something further than he had yet attained. They are, too,

typical of much landscape of our time. But what will posterity say to all this mass of landscape work, for which it is claimed that it communicates and expresses, as was never done before, the beauty of the sunlight? Has it really succeeded, even, in this particular aim? I should greatly like to see how Jan Vermeer's "View of Delft" in the Hague Gallery would look in the midst of Charles' work. That picture does not of course attempt the representation of open sunlight; there are great clouds in the still summer air over the roofs; but we feel that in a moment the warm light will steal out, the gleams already there will broaden, and the whole scene glow dazzling before us. The seventeenth-century painter relies on suggestion; and I certainly carried away from that picture a far more vivid sense of the beauty of sunshine than from any of Charles' canvases. For the modern painter has thrown away suggestion and contrast, as unworthy devices, as an evasion of difficulties; he sits down before a field or a farmyard and paints it, honestly, just as it is; and if he can get on to canvas something approaching the impression the scene makes on the retina of his eye, he is content. But what of the impression on the mind? Are we stirred, surprised, stimulated? Do we go out and find a wonder and a glory in the world that we had never seen before? I do not think so. Nor certainly are we absorbed into a mood which lays a spell upon us and invites to intimate contemplation.

Really, the old artists who avoided mid-day summer landscapes and chose effects of low sun or twilight, had a reason beyond mere convention or the shirking of difficulties; for one thing, a high light tends to reduce things to shapelessness; for another, the impressions we receive from such landscapes are not those which induce the mood/most apt to find the secrets of beauty in nature. Not that we need wish to go back to old limitations. But just as the hours of full sunshine are the hours of work for men, so in our pictures of those hours the dominant theme should be that of human energy, with the fruitful earth for background. Or if it be the glory of the sunlight that is the theme, and the mood a lyric rather than an epic one, let painters try to disengage or emphasise that glory, so that we feel it with a new and intimate intensity. Painters like Charles fail in their chosen aim because they put too much material and too little thought into their painting: they have such a horror of artifice, and such reverence for nature, that they are content with things as they are, and things as they seem. Yet after all, art is not nature, else why should it exist? And artifice is of the essence of art, which never rises to greatness without the passion to mould things anew and "nearer to the heart's desire." Perhaps this is unkind to James Charles, who made no pretensions to greatness, and who, if not a creative spirit, could produce work which was really pleasant and now and again was something more. But so much contemporary landscape art moves on these lines of theory that one cannot help longing for a landscape painter who will have the courage to assert his mind against the tyrannies of nature before they become a stifling superstition, and before the makers of landscape quite lose sight of what lies at the root and in the reason of all art, design. They might well ponder the meaning in Goethe's praise of Rubens for making his shadows go the wrong way in a certain picture. But no, they will say, we cannot move against our time and its dominant ideas. What then are creative spirits for?

Mr. Harold Speed, who exhibits Italian landscapes in an adjoining room, has much more sense for what is really interesting than his neighbour. But he is very unequal, and too often merely conventional in his view of things, especially in the large panels where figures are introduced. He is quite at his best in his moonlight scenes, in "Monte Solaro", in "The Ponte Vecchio", and particularly in "The Temple at Tivoli". A painter who approaches landscape subjects in a totally different way has been exhibiting at the Baillie Gallery in Baker Street, Mr. Footet. In his intentions he recalls at times that rare and shy genius Edward Calvert, whom he resembles in unwillingness and perhaps also inability to carry his visions to completeness.

But in method he follows Monet, and seems to have imbibed from him a taste for raw purples and greens, which have no excuse in the imaginative effects aimed at. But in spite of this, he has a vein of true romance, and tells us something of what he really feels for the magic of blossoming trees in twilight, of flocks reposing in a fold of the wooded hills, of the blue and white of hazy morning over the white stone of a bridge across the river.

The Burlington Fine Arts Club is doing honour to a painter who, like James Charles, died recently, but in the first prime of his manhood—Robert Brough. It is, I should imagine, a very representative exhibition, and bears witness to a remarkable talent. Yet one would enjoy this talent more if it did not seem to try to impress upon us that it was something more than it is. There is an effort to take the spectator by storm. Wonderfully dexterous, facile, and telling as Brough's portraits are, they are lacking in the inner qualities which the eye and mind can return to and repose on. It is a pity that his powers of hand grew so fast, and that ambition spurred him to emulate the big schemes and bold brushwork of Mr. Sargent, before his art had absorbed enough or was sufficiently matured for the display of mastery without provoking inconvenient comparisons. Compared with James Charles, he seems like a fluent effective talker beside a plain man who is in earnest and speaks his mind without much care for the language he uses; and though the plain man can be tiresome (especially when he poses as such) we have a certain distrust for the fluent talker's effects. Yet no one can deny that Brough was effective. He is at his best, I think, in male portraits like that of Sir Roland Vaughan-Williams: in his portraits of ladies he is showy, but wants delicacy and distinction. Altogether, the exhibition is distinctly less impressive than that which the Club devoted last year to the work of Charles Furse, who, with the same sort of method and intention, and an even greater vigour, had a capacity for original and fortunate design. Furse's huge unfinished picture of Lord Roberts reviewing troops in India is now in the Tate Gallery, lent by Mrs. Furse. Let us hope it will remain there. It is finely schemed, with nothing of the theatrical atmosphere so common in such compositions; and we cannot cease to regret that it was never given to the artist to complete a picture over which he had thought and worked so long, and into which he had put so much of his own nature as well as so much of his most cherished ambitions.

LAURENCE BINYON.

OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS.

SUPPOSE a man, not colour-blind, nor altogether insensible to recent modes of taste, after gazing with dazzled eyes on the sort of set-piece of garden fireworks still sometimes found on terraces in front of large country houses—the stars and crescents of tagetes and lobelia and coleus ranged about a central sun compact of a thousand scarlet geraniums—suppose him suddenly transported to a mossy flagged path between borders of cottagers' flowers, white lilies against the dark background of a yew bush, a damask rose leaning across a clump of lavender, pansies straggling over an edging of pinks and daisies—he would in all probability exclaim delightedly in favour of the old-fashioned flowers. The epithet which he would almost inevitably use is one of those irrational stock phrases which have to suffice for the conveyance of much meaning in the happy-go-lucky businesses of the world. "Old-fashioned", with its detestable variant "old-world", will not stand a minute's analysis. Our latest novelties of six-inch begonias, or mop-headed chrysanthemums, even while they electrify the show-tent, are old-fashioned for those gardeners who shall call our time antique. The simpler, more modest flowers which we are pleased to invest with that half-regretful charm owe their attraction to the gaudier and bolder developments of our day; it is the geometrical pyrotechny on the front lawn which gives the lilies and pansies of the cottage alleys their distinction of careless and retired grace. We are arbitrary and short-sighted even in the differences which we make; we take for earliest antiques things which our fathers experimented with; there

are others from which time seems unable to remove the air of novelty. Within fifty years we have seen the verbenas hackneyed almost to extinction, and again beginning to appeal to a new generation as quite a pretty neglected thing, a revival of Paxtonian graces. It is difficult to imagine that any length of time will bring such things as fuchsias or petunias into the same category with violets or pansies, even with stocks or Canterbury Bells. Though "old-fashioned" be an absurd symbol, the class which it expresses is definite enough. A rigid purist would probably confine his list of the order to the older summer-flowering roses—the damasks and mosses, the Provence and Gallica hybrids—the white Queen and the orange lilies, tulips, pansies, violets, wallflowers, Canterbury Bells, pinks, double daisies, hollyhocks, pæonies of the officinalis tribe, poppies, lavender, pot-marigold, flag iris, lupins, and a few whose names are part of their claim to be included—such as Sweet William, Honesty, Heartsease, None-so-pretty, or London Pride; Thrift, Love-in-a-Mist, Love-lies-bleeding. An easier critic might admit sweet peas, China asters, stocks, snapdragon, auriculas, mignonette, some of the mallows, and a few more that stand near the doubtful line. There is a good deal of significance in the names of garden-flowers; some of those given above are classical, and many of them go excellently in verse: gillyflowers and Love-in-idleness (though too many people have the vaguest notions of what they are) have as much music in them as smell. There are others that will not grow on Parnassus: we shall never learn to scan *Rudbeckia laciniata*, nor *Kniphofia Tuckii*, and the fact implies something. A careless observer of the *seri studiorum*, who nowadays take up gardening with such easy enthusiasm, would probably expect the chosen few to be all hardy "herbaceous" kinds, looking after themselves for half a lifetime without much care from the gardener. As a matter of fact, though with one or two exceptions all those named are quite hardy in average British winters, yet only some half-dozen are real perennials; some, with due care as to dividing and re-planting, are long-lived; some are biennial, the rest merely annual. All are robust and easy to grow—with the sad exception of the white Queen lily and the hollyhock, and, in some grounds, of the tulip, which are threatened with extinction from specific diseases—but it is no part of the old flowers' nature to fend entirely for themselves and to let the gardener off from his charge; the regular practice of the art which conceals itself among the stoutly pushing stems and thick-spread leaves is perhaps more needful here than anywhere else, to bring in the human element which distinguishes the garden from the wild.

Few things would better repay intelligent gardeners who have space and the wherewithal than the planting of borders or quarters with the less progressive flowers. In general, the modest proportions and chaste hues of the older race would be an antidote to the exaggerated force and coarser tone of many of the modern strains, and might suggest a philosophic theory of a balance of losses and gains. Amongst roses, set a Madame Plantier against Frau Karl Druschki, and the candid mind will note how the substance and the emphasis of colour are developed at the expense of more recondite qualities, which may be found at the full in the dog-rose of the hedges. The retrospective gardens might be furnished on several different plans; one arrangement might admit only plants enrolled in authentic poetry—let us say (for English soil) from Chaucer to Shelley and Tennyson: the authorisations and rejections would make an instructive collection. Another plot might be a sort of almshouse for obsolescent and vanishing kinds, or might attempt by selection to reproduce the garden of a past period. Necessarily the surroundings should be simple and as much as possible in keeping with the archaic flowers. Straight borders three or four yards wide, beside a walk of rough flagstones or scythed grass, would be best, with as much as is practicable of cottage-garden atmosphere about them, wherein everything by a simple-cunning art looks as though it had grown there by itself for a hundred years. Any attempt at "old-worldliness" in the way of builders' work, topiary art or other devices, is certain to destroy the value of the experiment at once.

In the choice of subjects there is of course room for a considerable range of personal likings and knowledge. One man might include, for instance, the long-spurred hybrid aquilegias, careless of the fact that they are the extremely modern representatives of the old blue, white and murrey-coloured columbines which are but a short step from the native form. Another might admit the primitive dahlias with globular quilled heads and exclude the later developments of the "cactus" class, though the ancestor of both only reached England a little more than a century ago. The literary gardening which has of late years become such a well-worked province has an influence on selections of this kind. When, for instance, a writer like M. Maeterlinck, in the essays* recently published in English with the advantage of reproductions in colour of some very pretty drawings by Mr. Elgood, discourses upon old-fashioned flowers, the ordinary gardener may be prepared to find the classification a very personal one and rather fitted for fantastic pleasaunces of faëry than for the grudging soil of our material plots. When flowers are made to twitter and lisp, and take the forms of eager carpets or motionless dances, it is small wonder to find the *ageratum*, the zinnia, even—proh pudor!—the blue lobelia in the class of "old-fashioned flowers" in company with the buttercup and the pansy. The reader who is puzzled to know why the phlox is called "paternal" may guess the solution when he finds the epithet serving as well for a windmill, and will understand how an author who in his first essay declares his love for the simplest, the commonest, the oldest and the most antiquated flowers, in the last adores the exhibition chrysanthemum as "the most submissive, the most docile, the most tractable and the most attentive plant of all . . . impregnated through and through with the thought and will of man". That the imaginative handling of garden catalogues has its own dangers our own recent growth of literary hybrids sufficiently shows.

A return to the cultivation of neglected and moribund strains of flowers would be most profitable if it increased in any degree the power to hold the balance between the past and the present, between grace and force, between such hedge-bottom vagrants as the "fast-fading violets covered up in leaves" and the Tsars and Wellsianas on their eight-inch stalks under the lights of the frame. A habit of discrimination thus encouraged might be often serviceable beyond the garden bounds.

BRIDGE: ALPHABETICAL CODE OF LAWS.

(Continued.)

Eldst hand.—The eldest hand is the player on the dealer's left. Under the Revised Laws, he has the sole right to exact a penalty in four cases:

1. When the dealer's partner makes a declaration out of turn. (See "Dealing out of turn.") (Law 44.)
2. When the dealer's partner passes the declaration. (See "Dealing out of turn.") (Law 50.)
3. If a card is exposed by either the dealer or his partner, after the deal is completed, and before a trump declaration is made, he can claim a fresh deal. (Law 70.)

4. If the dealer renounces to a trick, and discovers his error in time to save a revoke, the eldest hand may call upon him to play his highest or lowest of the suit led, provided that both the eldest hand and his partner have played to the trick.

Exposed cards.—During the deal:

1. If the dealer exposes any card while dealing, either of the adversaries may claim a new deal.
2. If either of the adversaries exposes a card during the deal, the dealer may claim a new deal. (Law 40.)

After the deal:

1. If, after the deal is completed, and before a trump declaration is made, either the dealer or his partner exposes a card, the eldest hand may claim a new deal. (Law 70.)

* "Old-fashioned Flowers, and other Open-air Essays." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. With Illustrations by G. S. Elgood. London: George Allen. 1906. 3s. 6d. net.

2. If, after the deal is completed, and before a card is led, either of the dealer's adversaries exposes a card, his partner loses his right to double; and, if the offender is the third hand, the dealer may, instead of calling the card exposed, require the leader not to lead the suit of the exposed card. (Law 71.)

During the play of the hand:

All cards exposed by the dealer's adversaries are liable to be called, but a card is not exposed when dropped on the floor, or elsewhere except on the table. (Law 72.)

The following is the definition of "Exposed cards":

"1. Two or more cards played at once.

"2. Any card dropped with its face upwards, or in any way exposed on or above the table, even though snatched up so quickly that no one can name it." (Law 73.)

If two or more cards are played to the same trick, the dealer is entitled to call which he likes to the current trick, and the other, or others, are exposed cards.

A card once exposed must be left on the table, face upwards. This is imperative. It is a serious breach of bridge etiquette for a player to pick up into his own hand a card which he has accidentally exposed. The call for an exposed card can be repeated until such time as it is played, but, when an exposed card is got rid of in the ordinary course of play, there is no further penalty.

There is no penalty against the dealer for exposing any, or all, of his cards.

Formation of Table.—"When there are more than four candidates, the players are selected by cutting, those first in the room having the preference." (Law 17.) "Those first in the room having the preference" refers to preference to belong to the first table, not necessarily to preference to play in the first rubber. If three men are waiting in the card room and four more enter, the first three have a right to belong to the first table, and they must cut with three of the others to decide who shall play in the first rubber.

A bridge table is complete with six players. Any member of a club has a right to cut in to any table in the club card room which is not already complete.

Imperfect pack.—If a pack, during or after a rubber, be proved to be incorrect or imperfect, such proof does not invalidate any past score, game, or rubber. That hand in which the error was discovered is null and void, and the dealer deals again. (Law 44.)

Last trick.—In no circumstances can a trick once complete, turned and quitted, be looked at until the end of the hand. There is no penalty for the infraction of this law. It is left to the good taste of the players to observe it. (Law 108.)

New deal.—There must be a new deal:

1. If, during a deal, or during the play of a hand, the pack be proved to be imperfect.

2. If any card is faced in the pack.

3. If, during the play of, or at the end of, a hand, one player is found to have less than his right number of cards, and another player to have more than his right number.

4. If the dealer deals two cards to the same player, and then deals a third; but if the dealer, by altering the position of one card only, can correct the error, he is entitled to do so. (Law 39.)

There may be a new deal:

1. If the dealer exposes a card while dealing, either of the adversaries may claim a new deal, without looking at his own hand. (Law 40.)

2. If, during the deal, either of the dealer's adversaries exposes a card, the dealer may claim a new deal, without looking at his own hand. (Law 40.)

3. If, after the deal is completed, but before a declaration has been made, either the dealer or his partner exposes a card, the eldest hand may claim a new deal, and he is entitled to look at his own hand before deciding whether to do so. (Law 70.)

4. If anyone (not being dummy) omit playing to a trick, the adversaries may claim a new deal. (Law 87.)

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CAMBRIDGE APPEAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Magdalene College, Cambridge,

28th February, 1907.

SIR,—May a Cambridge resident who has read your article of 23 February, "Cambridge Asks for More", with much interest, make a few further observations on the situation?

It is, of course, a very difficult thing to persuade the moneyed public that an institution with a very large income from endowment, and attended by a large number of fee-paying students, deserves or needs a considerable addition to that revenue.

Moreover, it is widely believed that Fellows of Colleges are men who live idle lives in comfortable rooms in a sort of academical club, and concern themselves neither with education nor research.

Let me deal with these points in turn. It may be granted that the older studies are well equipped and adequately endowed at Cambridge; it is the newer studies, such as palæography, history, and science in all its departments, that are in need of support. This is particularly true of science, the expansion of which has been prodigious of late years at Cambridge; and it need hardly be added that a far larger and more expensive equipment is necessary in science for the sake of experimental researches than is needed for any literary study. To mention but a few branches in which research is greatly needed, we may name experimental psychology, the relation of protozoa to disease, mendelism, and radio-activity.

The abolition of so-called idle fellowships has resulted in the practical extinction of the class of leisured residents; the number of fellows who reside in colleges without definite educational work is so small as to be negligible.

What practically is the case at Cambridge is this. The average official incomes of residents at Cambridge are so low, and the competition so great, that most of the men connected with the newer studies have to devote themselves to tuition. So much more teaching is given to undergraduates than used to be the case that many first-rate men who are capable of doing valuable research are unable to find the requisite time to devote themselves to it. The result is that either research is swamped with educational work or the best men migrate elsewhere. There is no doubt that from the educational point of view the newer studies are very efficiently administered. But what is needed is the creation of posts which would make scientific research possible.

The commercial instinct of Englishmen tends to emphasise unduly the principle of payment by result, and the man in the street is averse from the theory of endowing posts without the safeguard of specified duties; he does not realise that money invested in research is often better invested than any other species of endowment. Only men of exceptional vigour can combine active educational work with prolonged research; and at present the endowments of Cambridge do little more than suffice to maintain her educational efficiency.

Only those who are familiar with the conditions and problems of Cambridge can realise the extraordinary increase of educational efficiency of late years, and, further, how much that very educational efficiency tends to hamper, in the absence of adequate endowment, the prosecution of research, which is or ought to be a leading feature of a university programme.

I am, &c., ARTHUR C. BENSON.

BURNS' SONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The story of Burns' son appears in a different guise in "Fifty Years of Fleet Street" (Recollections of Sir J. Robinson), p. 211. There it is given as a retort by Mr. Hannay to a person who claimed descent from Addison. Possibly both stories and others like them are true. In similar circumstances the repartee is an obvious one, quite within the compass of any practised conversationalist.

C.S.I.

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To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Brantwood, Coniston Lake,

27 February, 1907.

SIR,—The correspondence in the SATURDAY REVIEW is naturally of deep interest to me, and, no doubt, to many others. There is little left for me to say after Mr. Wedderburn's excellent letter on the subject. I cannot but feel however (1) that Ruskin would have warmly resented the issue of his early books unrevised. (2) That the object of the Ruskin House publishers is to keep up his and their high standard, even in spite of reduction of price. (3) That this high standard depends on accurate and complete text, and good illustrations. (4) That these are obtainable at prices now ranging, not from 1s., but from 6d. upwards. May I in addition call the attention of the public to the fact that on 11 March, and for some five weeks after, there will be shown at the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street, during the Ruskin Exhibition there, twenty-six volumes of the new Library Edition? These contain many illustrations, some of the original drawings of which can be seen for comparison on the walls. It is hardly for me to say what I think of this edition, but too high praise cannot be given to its editors, who have literally left no stone unturned to make it as perfect as possible, or to Mr. George Allen, who has been untiring in his efforts to achieve a worthy result.

I am, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

JOAN RUSKIN SEVERN.

[It may be useful here to give the question about Ruskin's works put to the Government on Wednesday, and Mr. Lloyd-George's reply. Mr. Beckett asked the First Lord of the Treasury whether his attention had been drawn to the fact that "early and defective editions of Ruskin's books, discarded by Ruskin himself, were now being reprinted by several firms of London publishers and offered for sale in Great Britain and in the colonies; and whether, as the reprinting of misleading and obsolete editions of important ethical and scientific works, such as those of Ruskin and Darwin, was becoming so prevalent, he would introduce a Bill amending the law of copyright with a view to check this evil." Mr. Lloyd-George (who replied) said: "I am unable at present to make any promise as to the early introduction of copyright legislation, but when this can be undertaken the question of finding a remedy for the evil referred to shall not be overlooked."—ED. S.R.]

THE RETURN OF THE TRAMP.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Bank House, Northampton,

19 February, 1907.

SIR,—Anyone reading the striking article on "Tramps" in your issue of the 9th inst. could scarcely fail to notice that the writer is driven practically to the same conclusions as were arrived at by the Parliamentary Committee on "Vagrancy".

The futility and hopelessness of the present system are apparent. The Committee recommended the establishment of Labour Colonies, to which these "undesirables" and potential criminals should be committed for periods sufficiently long to allow the altered conditions to produce some effect on character. It is true that the system as practised at the Belgian colony at Merxplas and at other places has been disappointing in this respect, but it would certainly be a great gain to clear the streets and roads and have under effective supervision a class so dangerous to the community, while at the same time adopting another of the Committee's recommendations for the detention in the workhouses of the women, children and "miserables" of the class graphically described in the report as "wanderers to their own hurt".

Yours obediently,

GEO. E. ABBOTT.

REVIEWS.

SIGISMONDO MALATESTA.

"Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. A Study of a XV. Century Italian Despot. By Edward Hutton. London: Dent. 1906. 12s. 6d. net.

WRITING on other occasions of Mr. Hutton's work we have spoken only of promise; it is now our more grateful task to speak of fulfilment. This Sigismondo is a fine work of art, conceived and carried out to the end in an artistic spirit that often deserves to be called consummate. It is a life of Sigismondo, but the form of it is fictional. Mr. Hutton feigns to have discovered a MS. entitled "The Memoirs of the most material Transactions in the Life of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, written in Tuscan, &c.", the imaginary author being one Pietro Sanseverino of Naples, a garrulous but lovable old humanist, who was for many years in Sigismondo's service. It is singular, but we suspect that this book, if written as sober history, would have turned out tame, perhaps even tough: it takes its life and strength, nay, odd as it may sound, it takes its very reality from the fictional form which the author with a sure divination of his limitations and his powers has here adopted, and the result is a living and a faithful picture of the stirring times and some of the strenuous men of the early Renaissance in Italy. Another curious feature of the book is the structure and feeling of the diction: it does not read like a translation; nor does it read like Renaissance English, early or late; it simply reads, by the most pleasing of illusions, like Renaissance Tuscan itself. Only very rarely, only once or twice perhaps, do we receive the cold douche of some modernity, as for instance in such a word as "aloofness", or in such a phrase as "a United Italy [capitals and all] to be formed under Milan" instead of "an Italy united under" &c. The character of the old humanist with his good heart, loyal temperament, neopagan crotchets, and harmless vanities about his New Learning, is most happily indicated. At times, perhaps, the artist's brush has been too deeply dipped in the colours of a paganism which is modern rather than Renaissance. For instance the intensely Christian Sigismund who has confessed himself in a notable sonnet ("Io confesso a te Padre i miei peccati") expressing all the mediæval terror of Hell, and all the mediæval hope of the saving grace of "quei cinque fonti" from which there flowed "el pretioso sangue benedecto" is never once clearly brought before us. The book may need but few eliminations, though from this point of view it certainly does need additions.

Anachronisms are not wanting in Mr. Hutton's work. One does not much mind. We have to do, not with an historian but an artist, and the picture is rarely injured by these lapses. For instance the concern of Ginevra d'Este, Sigismondo's first wife, for the strong love which has grown up between him and his mistress Isotta degli Atti, how her "mouth trembled not, only she was more silent than her wont, and her laughter echoed not in the house", how "her eyes grew harder and seemed to be searching something out"—all this is seen by Sanseverino and portrayed with the touch of a true and sympathetic observer. But when Ginevra died Isotta was only ten years old, and the picture of a Princess bravely bearing the obtruded presence of a rival should have been drawn of the second wife, Polissena Sforza, and not of Ginevra. So, too, Sanseverino could never have described Isotta as "a girl somewhat older than himself" (Sigismondo). We take it that the only bit of evidence regarding Isotta's age so far known (F. G. Battaglini in "Basinio", vol. ii., page 568) proves quite conclusively that Isotta was born about 1432, and could not have been more than fourteen when she became Sigismondo's amasia, no tender age in the Lady Capulet's estimation. Count Battaglini's discovery is of the highest importance in helping towards the partial white-washing which Sigismondo undoubtedly deserves: at least it can no longer be said that he paid public honours to his mistress during the lifetime of two wives.

There is but one real blot in Mr. Hutton's fine work.

of art, and that should be instantly painted out or painted over: Sanseverino describes as an eye-witness a supposed brutal murder by Sigismund of an Ultramontane lady. Mr. Hutton in a footnote adduces evidence to show that the whole incident is at least doubtful. Then why in a page of full-flavoured realism feign the evidence of an eye-witness, and blast the character of a Prince who can ill spare an entry to his credit in Heaven's Chancery? This is not art, any more than the incident is ascertained history.

Some of Sanseverino's minor errors are very natural, and if inserted of set purpose are a tribute to Mr. Hutton's art. He takes the elephant to be an invention of Sigismund to symbolise fame; but his friend and crony, Messere Roberto Valturi, could have told him, as he has told posterity in his "De Re Militari", that the elephant was ancient as a badge of the Malatesta family. He takes the famous monogram of the interwoven S and I to stand for the names of Sigismund and Isotta. We are rather of the opinion that the SI simply represents the first two letters of Sigismund's name. It had been the custom with the Lords of Rimini, since the fourteenth century, to quarter with the family coat in the second and third quarters the initial or monogram of the reigning lord, and it should be borne in mind that the SI is no badge or device, but an heraldic charge in a field (the field vert, the letters or). There was a particular reason why Sigismund should reverence these two letters. When the young Lord of Rimini in 1433 received his knighthood from the Emperor Sigismund, he was, according to tradition, still called Gismondo, and the Emperor, with the accolade, conferred upon him his own name of Sigismund. The letters SI, therefore, would have lofty associations for him, and be in some sort another kind of "particule nobiliare". Count F. G. Battaglini professes to see the SI in a seal of 1435, and if he is right the question is settled beyond dispute, as Isotta was only about three years of age at the time. But in all candour we must admit that the facsimile given by Battaglini does not fully convince us that the I is really there. Likely enough Sigismund afterwards rejoiced to find that the monogram chosen by him contained the initial letter of his lady's name; and when later on married to her, her initial would constitute no blot on the scutcheon, and it is certain that contemporary poets took the I for Isotta. But that is a very different matter from supposing that such a Prince would have sullied the family coat to exalt his mistress; that the humanist is no herald is demonstrated by Sanseverino's description of the medals. On Pisanello's exquisite medal he sees a shield hanging upon a rose-tree "on which the S of Sigismondo enfolds the I of Isotta" ('twere too much to expect that he should refer to the prosaic six pieces bendy of the family), but he has not noticed a characteristic touch of the imagination of the period, namely, that the courtier medalist has reversed the quarterings, giving the post of honour in the first quarter to the SI, which was as much as to say that Sigismund's glory outshone that of all his family, which indeed it did.

We have no space left to discuss in all its bearings the burning and interesting question of the "D' Isottae sacrum". Suffice it to say that Sanseverino here gives rein to a pagan fancy with which his lord and master would have had scant sympathy. He actually believed, without going out of his humanist sanctum to verify the wonder, that Sigismondo wrote "Divae Isottae sacrum" under the pediment of the Church of San Francesco, just as Addington Symonds, even after seeing, actually believed that there was a chapel in that noble church "consecrated to Isotta". The attempt to deify Isotta has sprung purely from the modest inscription on her beautiful tomb, built and dated twenty years before her death: "D' Isottae Ariminensi B.M. sacrum MCCCCL." (dedicated for, devoutly destined for, the Lady Isotta of Rimini, benemerenti, rather than "beatae memoriae" as Yriarte and the moderns would have us believe). There is not a shred of evidence to show—though rigorists like Wadding and humanists like Burckhardt, each for his own purpose, insist upon writing "Divae" in full—that anything more than a sober and dignified "Dominae" was meant by this D' (note the apostrophe), and it

is surely obvious that Sigismund cannot have intended the senseless profanity of calling her Christian Saint (diva) twenty years before her death. (Cf. Sigismondo's inscription on his father's tomb in San Francesco at Fano: "Sigismundus Pandulphus Mal[atesta] D[ivo] et Clementiss[imo], Principi Pandulpho Malateste Patri suo sacrum dedit MCCCCLX". Divus Princeps, not Divus Pandulphus; and the very word "sacrum", of which so much has been made in relation with Isotta's tomb, figures also on his father's.)

SIR IAN HAMILTON'S GRAVER THOUGHTS.

"A Staff Officer's Scrap-book during the Russo-Japanese War." By Lieut-General Sir Ian Hamilton, K.C.B. Vol. II. London: Arnold. 1907. 18s. net.

SIR IAN HAMILTON in his preface likens his visit to Manchuria to attendance at a theatre. "At first the small things seemed to matter most." Then as the drama unfolded itself he saw "the warrior spirit of Japan as it emerged, triumphant, from the bloody tumult". In our review of the first volume we pointed out that Sir Ian had dwelt too much on trivialities, on tea gardens, on Geishas, on the "small things" which any journalist can describe, but which a soldier might with advantage pass by unnoticed. We are glad to find that the hint has been taken. This volume is more reticent, is fuller of really useful information, and is altogether more valuable. There are numerous sketches contributed by Sir Ian's indefatigable staff officer, Captain Vincent, and the plans of the actions described are models of clearness. Generally the volume is more serious than its predecessor. Not that it is without a great deal of what is called "local colour", or enough human nature and personal adventures to make it attractive. Some soldiers may even say there is still too much, but civilian readers may not share their views, and we feel pretty sure that these pages will be found a very welcome addition to the stock of literature which serves to brighten dull afternoons and long evenings. We still hear a great deal of Bushido and the fascination of the Japanese character, but judgment is made in a more critical and saner spirit, and our author is not so easily carried away by early impressions as he was. On the other hand he is more just to his hosts, and there are no statements impulsively and carelessly launched such as must have caused offence to a very polite yet painfully sensitive race. Sir Ian in this volume, as we shall show later, is more appreciative of the efforts of cavalry than he has shown himself previously. Artillery is done justice to also. Too often it is asserted that the material effect of guns is very small, and statistics from the hospital are quoted triumphantly as showing the small percentage of injuries due to their fire. Statistics are proverbially misleading, but in this instance they are especially so. A man struck down by the explosion of a shell close to him is frightfully mangled, and is buried as soon as possible. A shrapnel bullet makes a wound far more often fatal than the tiny puncture of the modern pointed bullet. Therefore men hit by artillery for the most part remain on the field. Few find their way to hospitals, which are crowded with the victims of the rifle. Notable too is the evidence which is brought to bear on the work of the bayonet. A few years back it was a question whether bayonets might not be abandoned altogether. The Boers had no bayonets and they gave us some handsome drubbings none the less. In the war of 1870 but small damage was done by the weapon which Suvaroff held in far higher esteem than the bullet. But we have now changed all that. Our new short rifles will have longer bayonets to give our men a chance in encounters which the story of the latest war shows are not in future to be more rare than they were a hundred years ago.

But description is Sir Ian's forte. Few things have been better done than his account of the attack of Okasaki's brigade on Terryama in the evening of 11 October, 1904, when the great battle of the Shaho was being fought out. The carefully detailed story recorded from notes taken down on the field at intervals of a few minutes' duration places the situation

with a distinctness before the reader that will enable him, if a soldier, to study the mechanism of the whole operation, and reflect on every movement that was made. He is enabled to consider whether he would have acted in the same way in like circumstances, whether the Japanese formations are worthy of imitation, whether the resolution to attack was the correct solution of the problem or not. The whole scene is placed before us with the distinctness of a diagram, but it is alive. The troops are moving; the artillery is in full blast; and projectiles are claiming their victims every moment. And in the end when Okasaki emerges victor our author rightly shows us the anxiety of Kuroki as to whether the brilliant deed had done enough; what effect it would have on the operations as a whole; whether his right far away at Penchiho could hold its own. This is military history written under fire by an expert, and it is worth many pages of rhetoric compiled in secluded libraries months or even years after the events described have occurred. Equally vivid and equally instructive is the account of Matsunaga's assault on the day following Okasaki's memorable feat. Here again we have the same exact record written down every five minutes. We see the skirmishers advancing, the fire-action developed, the supports absorbed little by little in the firing-line, the shells bursting on the point of assault, the whole paraphernalia of a modern engagement carried out just as the Manuals say it should be. And we have the same valuable comments, the same comparisons with familiar actions in which many readers will have taken part during our own recent wars, and the same conscientious effort to get valuable lessons from the experiences of the marvellous soldiers whom Sir Ian was privileged to see at work. The result is, as we have said, that those young officers who wish to know what war is really like are here supplied with aids to study which they will be well advised to turn to good account.

One more point. Hitherto the name of Sir Ian Hamilton, largely through a tactless remark by Lord Roberts, has been identified with notions as to the value of cavalry which are very rightly held to be erroneous by soldiers who have refused to believe that the experiences of South Africa give a true index to the rôle this arm might play in future wars. In this volume there are, we gladly note, indications that Sir Ian is not so hide-bound as he is sometimes supposed to be. In connexion with the assault of Okasaki's brigade on Terryama he makes comments which show that he did recognise, on that occasion at any rate, an opportunity for the intervention of cavalry handled according to its traditions. "But yesterday, when I saw Okasaki's men streaming across the plain, in what I might call ordered disorder . . . I felt for the first time that a few Russian squadrons, adroitly led to within a half-mile of the left flank of the charging Japanese might by a continuation of good luck and good guidance have struck Okasaki's brigade a staggering blow while it was straining every nerve and muscle in mid career against the rival infantry." The man who could seize such an opportunity would, it is true, be a soldier of the highest quality, and such men are not often met with; but if cavalry are not taught to seek and attempt to utilise such golden moments regardless of consequences, we shall see again, what Sir Ian was disgusted to see, masses of cavalry sitting idle in their saddles looking on at infantry and guns struggling in distress, when their rapid intervention might have quite altered the situation.

So that Sir Ian, while he will undoubtedly teach officers much by these descriptions of what was done in Manchuria, himself too may have learnt a good deal from what he saw.

THE MYSTIC WAY.

"Studies in Mysticism." By A. E. Waite. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

MYSTICISM properly signifies the state of the initiated, or the process of initiation. The object of the mystical quest is to satisfy that hunger and thirst of the soul after absolute goodness, truth,

and beauty, which cannot be assuaged by conventional morality, statutory religion, and æsthetic culture. The mystic pursues his object by means of symbols and sacraments, for "ideas in the absolute order are conceived only by representation". Symbols and sacraments are therefore necessary instruments of initiation; but they are valuable only in so far as they minister to the life of the soul. Some of them are serviceable for a time, and should afterwards be discarded. Some signs have already ceased to signify; some modes of representation have become vain or trivial. Pictorial emblems, such as the pentagram, are now, as Mr. Waite says, "of no account to the mystic". Others inculcate elementary lessons, which can now be taught best by a direct method. We need no mystery-play to teach us to be ordinary good citizens, or good friends. Such symbolism is rightly used only to represent the deeper mysteries of the spiritual life.

And yet Mr. Waite has reasons to give for the high value which he puts upon ritual symbolism, especially when it has been handed down from immemorial antiquity. No substitutes for it are equally efficacious. Nature is sacramental, and its study may be an initiation; but it is, as Mr. Waite says, like seeing a play from the front row of the stalls: the paint on the actors' faces is too visible. As for books, they may contain the great secrets, but the lonely reader will probably miss them. Still less shall we profit by going on pilgrimage to the classic homes of mysticism. "The wise man travels only in his youth, because Egypt is also within." But to join a secret society, in which rites of initiation, hallowed by the tradition of thousands of years, are performed, does, in the opinion of our author, help the soul in its quest. Mr. Waite speaks from experience. He is a member of many societies of this kind, out of which he only names the Freemasons. In the later chapters of his book he discusses Freemasonry with some freedom, because, as he says, a good many facts about this society are already public property; but he is careful not to divulge the methods of higher initiation which are the secrets of this or any other body. Freemasonry is, he thinks, "a reflection at a far distance of the applied legend of the soul—a last rumour and echo of the mystic quest". The sentences which follow are not intended to be intelligible to the profanum vulgus. "Above the three craft degrees, and the wonderful legend of the third degree, we have to look elsewhere for the completion of the Masonic experiment, because the craft does not contain the fulfilment of the mystic experience. We must look beyond that further light which is supposed to reside in the ceremony of the Royal Arch, but the precise location of the vital supplement which is necessary cannot be indicated here." Masonry, it appears, is a partially corrupt and half-fossilised system, which nevertheless preserves much of the true methods of initiation.

It may be questioned whether Mr. Waite does not attach too much importance to these ancient forms of initiation. The strength of the mystical position, which renders it impregnable against the assaults of the incredulous majority, is not its possession of a secret tradition, dear as the possession of a secret is to human nature, but the independent unanimity of the testimony borne by all mystics, whether they live in Europe, Asia, or America. There can be no need of occult learning to keep alive the knowledge of a scheme of salvation which reappears in forms practically identical, wherever men aspire to communion with God. From Plotinus to Grady, from Dionysius the Areopagite to Emerson, the chart of the soul's ascent is the same. Mystical literature is curiously harmonious, not to say monotonous. In that rarefied atmosphere the differences between East and West, between antiquity and modern times, between Catholic and Protestant, even between Christian and Pagan, are hardly discernible.

"Initiation", says Mr. Waite, may be defined as "a hieroglyphical abstract or itinerary of the reintegration of the mind in God". The ascent begins with self-discipline. Not that anything is to be gained by maltreating the body. If the body is the cross of the soul, we should carry the cross willingly, that it may in the end carry us. "The perfect way must be a via dolorosa to the material part of our nature; but

any crucifixion by the way is transitory, and in the last resource it is perhaps of the sacramental kind rather than a literal passion."

The dawning of the sense of symbolism is an early sign that we are awaking from the dream state in which the majority of people pass their lives. The aspirant has a dim sense of a vast system of correspondences, binding all worlds together. The sacraments of religion are the best vehicle of this experience, which, it is claimed, grows in strength and definiteness till the sacramentalism of the external pageant gives way to inward knowledge. The right use of symbolism always tends towards its own supersession. The ascent is towards a simplification of the personality in communion with God; initiation is thus, from first to last, a call to sanctity and detachment.

Popular accounts of mysticism have made too much of ecstasy. It is possible, Mr. Waite thinks, to arrive at this state legitimately by a life of detachment from the world; but it is also possible to induce it artificially by music, dancing, and the utterance of barbaric words, methods which belong at best to the "lesser mysteries". The whole lore of "mystical phenomena", which fills the official treatises of the Roman Catholic Church on "*La Mystique Divine*", is scorned by the true mystic. "Miracles are an accident of sanctity, and the voice of the saints has pronounced with some distinctness that they are also its weakness. Many miracles which have an official connexion with sanctity are its burden and humiliation."

Mr. Waite has penetrated very near to the heart of his subject when he says that the spiritual truth which is adumbrated by all the mysteries is the death and rebirth of the soul. This profound spiritual fact is what it really concerns men to know and experience, and it is this which draws them to the various sacramental rites, in which it is represented more or less clearly. "It is just perhaps to add that in certain cases not only is the veiling exceedingly thick, but the method of expression would suggest that the conception has been implied rather than patent in the consciousness of some makers of rituals." We believe that Mr. Waite is entirely right in the supreme importance which he attaches to this conception, and that the student of the higher religions will find no key which will open so many locks.

We are not surprised to find that Mr. Waite's references to Christianity, and the Christian Church, are very sympathetic. The "official Churches" may have their imperfections and futilities; they may often mistake the type for the thing typified; they may have shameful pages in their history; but they are true churches, assemblies of the faithful under the light and leading which "comes from beyond the present sacramental dispensations"; "in other words, they are palmary channels of grace". The Roman Mass Book, he says, contains the entire pageant of initiation; and though it is overlooked by the great body of worshippers, "those who know may reconstruct it out of the commonest missal in the kingdom". The closing words of the book are: "the mystic life leads no one from the life of the Church".

There are many persons to whom a book of this kind will appear to be mere jargon. Others may agree with Max Nordau that the perception of types and correspondences, on which the symbolism of all mysteries and sacraments is based, is purely pathological. But mysticism is in any case a permanent tendency of human nature, and the sacramental view of life is the very beating of the heart of religion.

VANISHING MAN.

"*Ethnographic Notes in Southern India.*" By Edgar Thurston. Madras: At the Government Press. 1906. 6s.

"IT has been well said that there will be plenty of money and people available for anthropological research when there are no more aborigines, and it behoves our museums to waste no time in completing their anthropological collections". This, in fact, as every anthropologist knows and feels, and therefore cannot too often and too clearly say, is the essential

situation, one unique among the sciences. For here, as in no such serious degree among the various fields of the sciences of observation, not even among the more complex economic and social studies of our own rapidly changing civilisation, opportunities are irretrievably passing away, and this with a swiftness year by year accelerating.

The mournings of naturalists over vanished plants and exterminated animals are great and grave enough; but what after all is the comparative extinction of the prairie buffalo to the rapid effacement and absorption of the red man? What is the lost flora of S. Helena to the vanished people of Tasmania? And what scenes even of unspoiled Nature can exceed in their vivid interest, what problems of natural evolution in their fascinating perplexity can approach those of the development and differentiation and interaction of peoples, of their rise and their decline over the spacious continents and the oceanic isles on which we are dispossessing, depressing, transforming, or at least modifying them.

Here then lies the importance of even the scattered observations, the haphazard collections of ordinary travellers, still more the ever-appreciating value of our few trained observers at the front. Since the establishment of the Ethnographic Survey of India in 1901, a date indeed regrettably recent yet to be thankful for, Mr. Thurston's long experience and eminent qualifications have naturally placed him at the head of the survey for his Presidency. And when we realise that in Madras we have what is in not a few ways the most interesting and the most complex region of the human world, that apex of the Indian peninsula which has had pressed onwards into it so many successive waves of migration and tides of influence through historic and unrecorded times, we may well rejoice to find that this is no common volume, no unsifted mass of doubtful observation and hazardous inference, but the compressed notebooks of one of the keenest and most skilled anthropological workers now living.

Marriage customs and death ceremonies occupy well-nigh half of the volume, and the essentials of each of these main scenes of folk-life are briefly yet clearly and circumstantially set before us, and these for tribes and castes almost without number. The larger bearings of this or that case are often indicated. Thus the many attenuations of marriage by capture into mere ceremonies of peaceful exogamy are interestingly set forth, the initiations of prostitution and their cross-relations to marriage are strikingly illustrated, and the transformations of polyandry made comparatively plain. Specially noticeable is our author's careful recording of the symbolic detail adorning each type and local variety of the marriage ceremony and of the funeral, ranging, as these do, through many levels of culture. In meaning these vary from the simple to the profound, yet at all levels they pass also through the habitual into the meaningless. In artistic presentment and in its resultant feeling-tone the same extremes appear. Here the ceremony has the simple pathos of childhood, now in laughter, now in tears. At another place and amid another folk it bespeaks the lyric flowering of adolescence or its Orphean sorrow; while anon there breaks in some veritable orgie or some danse macabre, to subside into what seems but meaningless mummery once more. For all these strange scenes of life our author's eye is keen, his camera ready, his notebook full. Though his comment be scanty, his help towards interpretation often disappointingly withheld, there is always the satisfaction of feeling that we have henceforth the facts permanently before us; indeed that, as observation goes, we see them better than if we had ourselves beheld them with less experienced eyes. The elements of farce and parody, of mockery and misrule, so often recorded, will especially excite most readers' curiosity to wish the writer's help towards their interpretation.

Amid the manifold varieties and details of burials and cremations which survive among these heterogeneous peoples, Mr. Thurston collects strangely vivid indications confirming the hypothesis of Fergusson and others that we have here surviving the last of the cromlech-raisers, the dolmen-builders, the circle-rangers, whose mighty megaliths throughout Europe we have inherited with such doubtful understanding of them.

Funeral urns may yield golden diadems of Mykenian fashion: it is a land of long-forgotten heroes. The tumulus presses upon the burial vault, and we seem nearer than in Europe to their secrets. Returning to the present, the varied ways of arming and speeding the parting soul, the rites of mourning, the depth and fulness of these manifold commemorations of the dead, lead on to examples of the most complete and sustained ancestor worship. Not only striking laments, but veritable litanies of confession, of expiation and atonement are here recorded—rites too of incorporation of the individual life with the ancestral past, it would seem indeed with the whole tribal existence.

The chapter following this is in its way the richest in the book, a veritable lucky-bag of omens and charms and votive offerings, with grimmer elements of sorcery and evil-eye, and queer superstitions of all kinds. Here alone, as Mr. Thurston points out, is material for a whole volume. Following on this come more specialised chapters. Fire-making is exceedingly well illustrated; dress is discussed from the fig-leaf stage onwards; and jottings are given on the couvade, on earth-eating, on boomerangs and knuckledusters, steel-yards and clepsydras, on cock-fighting, on dry-cupping. Interesting matter on family and social institutions will again be found in the chapters on infanticide and on slavery. The student of religion will find the strange practice of hook-swinging, with its modern attenuations also, not only described afresh, but made plain with photographic illustrations. The many readers of Fraser's "Golden Bough" will be attracted by the chapter on Meriah sacrifice, which fitly opens with a photograph of what is believed to be the only surviving sacrifice-post, now a main treasure of Mr. Thurston's museum. The chapter gives interesting details of the substitution of animal for human sacrifices, still fresh within living memory.

Mr. Thurston's pages are thus a veritable treasury. For the things which are new, and for the verification or criticism of things which are old, let him have our thanks and praise; indeed why not these in the very forms with which we greet the successful geographic explorer? Society medals, University honours, the appreciation of his fellows, these are well and truly earned; but the main thing is to speed him forth anew. Yet, looking once more over his volume, must not he and his fellow-specialists recognise that for the poor encouragement of their science at this its supreme hour of need its own too backward state is largely to blame? For as an omnium gatherum is not a science, an antiquarian collection not a history, so no collection of ethnographic notes, however valuable in themselves, can constitute an ethnography. Our author meekly admits this, indeed disarms us by calling his book "a farrago", its production an "ad interim measure". The field naturalist with his notebook and camera is indispensable, his work fundamental, and in its own way supreme, yet to give this a scientific character we need the systematist, the comparative anatomist, the embryologist. So for anthropology, a corresponding and parallel series of specialisms is required. Manners and customs are parts of an orderly economy, an ecology rather, in which the simple life of action and reaction with the external environment of Nature is considered, and its occupational conditions are separately analysed. These have next to be related to the everyday lore of nature and of handicraft, and to customs and laws; and all these anew to the inner life of thought and feeling. This in its turn may materially and politically transform the every-day life, or subjectively transfigure it into a complex symbolism and ritual or art otherwise unintelligible to us, and soon it may be to the very people who directly inherits it. We need some renewed and associated effort towards a scientific method to reduce these two great processes—the objective and the subjective, the Outward-inward and the Inward-outward, the environmental and the organismal, or whatever we may call them—with their masses of observation, into order, and this not merely on a provisional artificial system, such as many writers have offered, but a natural system, expressing as far as may be the process of evolution. Since Darwin did not attempt this, since Spencer's bulky "Tables" do so with but small success, Mr. Thurston and his co-

workers in the field cannot be unduly blamed for their timidity or their caution. Still, we must end as we began, with the urgent situation of anthropology amid its swiftly vanishing matter of observation, with its clamant call for observers and workers, and for every encouragement, public and private, to provide workers at every fringe of our Empire, vast and varied above all others. How are the few anthropologists who know all this, and who are weary of crying aloud, ever to reach the ear of the public or of their representatives in authority? Is not some new effort needed on their own part, and this not only to observe and to record all they can seize before it passes away for ever, but to show more fully and plainly than they have yet done that their observations are capable of constituting an orderly body of science? Scattered suggestiveness, as with Mr. Thurston's accumulations, is not enough; ingenious and elaborate hypothetic interpretations, as Mr. Fraser with his varied learning gives us, are not yet what we are asking for; what we need above all is to discern and to agree upon some method of describing any given society. We have to do this as Linnæus did it long ago for the animal and for the plant, thenceforward making comparison a matter of rational simplicity, and raising the animal storyteller into the zoologist, the herbalist into the systematic botanist. Only thus have the confused Herbals given place to the orderly Floras, and the childlike Noah's arks of naturalist collectors become modern museums. That anthropology lags because its field is so much more complex everyone admits; but until its cultivators can bring it into more intelligible and more evolutionary order its interests will largely continue to suffer. What then is to be done? Let the anthropologist who is limping along the road under his burden of innumerable concrete facts, and the sociologist who is in the study with his methodology, as yet all too abstract and unapplied, lay their heads together. Who knows but they may usefully renew the co-operation of the lame man and the blind?

NOVELS.

"The Ghost." By Arnold Bennett. London: Chatto and Windus. 1907. 2s. 6d.

The machine which the ghost once occupied was the property of Lord Clarenceux, a bold, bad, fascinating nobleman, from whose eyes there gleamed at once "hardness and softness, cruelty and large benevolence, hate and tenderness, spirituality and hellish turpitude". Certainly there was too much speculation in those orbs to satisfy the Shakespearean canon, but then the ghost of Hamlet's father was an injured shade, Lord Clarenceux's a murderous one; for its object was to slay all pretenders to the hand of Rosetta Rosa, the diva, whom the cruel peer had destined for his bride. With poor Alresca, "the greatest living tenor", the ghost succeeded. Alas! Alresca must leave his "luxuriously-littered drawing-room", and all else that makes life dear to tenors. But not for ever shall the spectre triumph. No! Rosetta Rosa, on bended knee (or, knees) will implore the grim visitant, in memory of its ancient love and magnanimity, to renounce its vengeance. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up and see the show! All the old favourites, wicked lord, lovely singer, modest young doctor, scheming French maid! And all the old properties, gilded halls, operabox, jewelled dagger, rubies, emeralds, pearls! How refreshing it is, how it "recalls the delicious blend" of twenty years ago! And all this for a bare half-crown. Walk up, walk up.

"The Realist." By E. Temple Thurston. London: Sisley's. 1907.

This very slender volume contains five short stories which remind one variously either in motif or in manner of a play by Heyermann, a well-known poem called "Parrhasius", and a study by Henry James—Mr. Thurston's work being in all cases far inferior, and his alteration of the themes for the worse. What he produces is violent, crude, sensational; a very jerky, strained and most pretentious manner covering common-

place ideas and unconvincing imageries. The wildest grotesque may, in the hands of an artist, have its own sanity, its own reality, and perfect proportion and relation in its different parts; it can be in its own limits completely convincing and truthful. But Mr. Thurston is no such artist; his violent strokes and dabs of colour are ineffective and even absurd; there is no strength in his brutality, no truth in his realism, no genuine idea in his themes. In "The Realist" he makes an artist paint an admirable and artistically wonderful picture, at night, by the meagre light of a candle. He describes an ordinary French working-girl as writing and talking like a dull but competent journalist, and then for a most inadequate reason committing a peculiarly atrocious murder that might be the act of a criminal lunatic. Yet there is no attempt to make a pathological study of the girl; the stale device of hypnotism is dragged in by way of explanation, but the effect is unconvincing. The difficulties of the theme are shirked for lack of ingenuity to work it out, the sense of true horror and fearfulness is wanting, and we are left neither impressed nor even greatly shocked.

"The Dust of Conflict." By Harold Bindloss. London: Long. 1907. 6s.

The hero who bears the disgrace that should have fallen on his unworthy friend is generally tiresome, but by taking him to fight in the Cuban rebellion Mr. Bindloss makes a readable story out of a threadbare device. He seems to know the ground; and if his Cuban rebels are idealised, their Spanish opponents are credited with their real courage and courtesy. The English part of the plot, turning on the death in suspicious circumstances of a blackmailing gamekeeper, is not particularly interesting, but we have a somewhat original situation when an American girl, who has come to know the hero in his exile, explains the true story to his friends at home. Thereby she frustrates the purpose of his self-sacrifice and introduces confusion into a quiet English neighbourhood. Incidentally she sends the selfish weak man of the story to a heroic death in

(Continued on page 276.)

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Cuba. It is odd that in novels the sinner who repents is always allowed to go out in a blaze of glory. The book is well written and brisk.

"The Book of Gilly." By Emily Lawless. London: Smith, Elder. 1907. 6s. 6d. net.

"The Book of Gilly" is a very charming story of an attractive little boy, the Earl of Shannagh, commonly called Gilly, and of his doings in the wild beautiful garden-island of Inishbeg. Miss Lawless always writes finely of and with a natural predilection for Ireland and its people, a predilection with which she induces us to sympathise. Lovers of sea-coast scenery will delight in her descriptions of sea and cloud effects, of the deep quiet pools filled with every species of zoophyte and shell-fish, of the great black rocks where puffins and gulls congregate and where even seals are to be seen.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Desert and the Sown." By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. London: Heinemann. 1907. 16s. net.

A charmingly written, fully illustrated account of Miss Bell's long and adventurous journeyings through and about Syria. She explains apologetically that not being a man of learning or a politician, her object—as it is her excuse—is to write not so much a book of travel as about the people and their surroundings. Hence we get stories of shepherds and men-at-arms as they "passed from lip to lip round the camp fire, in the black tent of the Arab and the guest chamber of the Druze, as well as the more cautious utterance of Turkish and Syrian officials." She eschews politics, and points out that the wise traveller in Syria will avoid being drawn into the meshes of the Armenian question. Armenia is one of the problems which Turkey finds insoluble. In this connexion Miss Bell had one narrow escape. Her guide Ibrahim, presumably an Armenian, informed her that he had been concerned in a conflict with the Nosairis. "But you began the stealing", said Miss Bell. "Yes" he said, "the Nosairis are dogs. I was imprisoned in Aleppo for two years afterwards." "You deserved it." "Yes", he answered cheerfully. And that was fortunately all Ibrahim contributed to the store of evidence on the Armenian question. Miss Bell finds the Oriental like "a very old child". Much of her time was given to archaeological matters, but they are not her chief consideration in this book. Muhammad the Druze asked her why Europeans looked for inscriptions. "But I think I know", he added. "It is that they may restore the land to the lords of it."

"Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe." Edited by his daughter Laura E. Richards. London: Lane. 1907. 16s. net.

Samuel Gridley Howe's journals to our view are of American rather than English interest, though they deal with a phase in history in which many English people were once deeply interested, the struggle of the Greeks for independence. Howe was a Bostonian at a time when Boston was associated with the aristocracy of American thought and feeling, the time of Emerson, Longfellow, Thoreau, and Hawthorne. He knew these men, and shared their generous feeling and to some degree their intellectual gifts. He sympathised almost as passionately as Byron with the Greeks in their struggle, and, like Byron, went to Greece to offer his aid. Many of his letters published in this volume were written from Greece at the time, and describe the hopes and despairs of the people. They are those of a brave and impetuous spirit and a philanthropist. To Boston people, at least to that section of Boston people who are not now wrapped up merely in trade, they are naturally of interest. To English readers we cannot say they are of more than very moderate interest. Mrs. Lane writes a pleasant preface and F. B. Samborn—an old friend of Howe—an introduction.

"Hermes: an Illustrated University Literary Quarterly," University College, Stephen's Green, Dublin. February 1907. Yearly subscription, 1s. 6d. post free.

The first number of this magazine marks an interesting addition to the ranks of undergraduate journals, and if its promoters succeed in their purpose of making it a literary bond of union between University College, Dublin, and the Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway, they will do good work for Young Ireland. "Hermes" is to be devoted to belles-lettres, not to the political or ecclesiastical arguments which thrive more readily in Ireland, and the opening allusion to "Kottabos" is evidence of the existence at Stephen's Green of the true spirit of student life. This first number contains essays on Mr. Yeats and on Lindsay Gordon's and Kendall's Australian verse, a note on two pictures in the Dublin National Gallery, and a well-written short summary of the History of Irish Industry: also a narrative in Irish on Ceallachan of Cashel (a tenth-century leader against the Danes) and some original verse. The promoters wisely promise to consider "original work in any language, the English idea of Anglo-Irish dialect alone excepted". Their journal has begun well,

and if the lighter touch which young writers find so difficult (the best parodies in University papers are generally by dons) can be secured in following numbers, "Hermes" should command the success which we hope to see it attain.

"Peacham's Compleat Gentleman." With an Introduction by G. S. Gordon. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1907. 5s. net.

This is a volume in the Tudor and Stuart Library produced in the admirable form which the Clarendon Press have made their own. Peacham was a sixteenth-century author, a scholar of Trinity, Cambridge, and something of a historian and cosmographer; he chiefly dealt, however, in emblems, in frescoes, anagrams and the fashionable devices of his day. The "Compleat Gentleman" is a quaint and delightful book with plenty of common sense quite applicable to the present time. Peacham would not have us honour "those ennobled, or made gentle in blood who, by mechanick and base means, have raked up a masse of wealth, or because they follow some great man, wear a cloath of a noble personage, or have purchased an ill coat at a good rate". He thought like Sigismund who described those as fools who preferred knighthood to learning and knowledge. "I can make a thousand knights in one day, but cannot make a Doctor in a thousand years".

"The Churl and the Bird." Translated from the French by John Lydgate. Printed by William Caxton about 1478. "A lytell treatyse of the horse, the sheep, and the ghos." By John Lydgate. Printed at Westminster by Wynkyn de Worde about 1499. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1906. 10s. each.

The two new volumes in the Cambridge series of facsimiles are both of them short poems by Lydgate. "The Churl and the Bird" is in Caxton's type and comes from the same precious volume from Bishop Moore's library as several of the previous facsimiles. "The Horse, Sheep and Goose", also unique, comes from a hardly less valuable volume from the same source, containing one tract from Pynson's press and from that of Wynkyn de Worde no fewer than twenty-five, of which this is the last. It is made more interesting by a frontispiece, apparently from a Low Country set of cuts to illustrate an unknown editor of Reynard the Fox. In Lydgate's poem an eagle sits in judgment as well as a lion; here only the lion is shown. But to early bookbuyers a woodcut seems to have been a woodcut, and not much attention was paid as to how far it really illustrated the text. "The Churl and the Bird", which is by far the better poem, is without illustration. Both tracts are admirably reproduced by Dujardin.

For this Week's Books see page 278.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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THE MOVING FINGER WRITES. By Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES.

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Literary M.P.'s and the Spirit of Literature in the English Parliament at the present moment; that is the subject of a very interesting interview with Mr. H. W. Massingham in the *March BOOK MONTHLY*, now ready, 6d. net. It also contains a letter from Mr. Bryce, saying how he came to write his famous book on the American Commonwealth; and a note from Lord Rosebery on Napoleon as a reader.

Publishers: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.,
Stationers' Hall Court, London.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

ART

Practical Wood-Carving (Eleanor Rowe). Batsford. 7s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY

Six Radical Thinkers (John MacCunn). Arnold. 6s. net.
Molière (H. C. Chatfield-Taylor). Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d. net.
George Crabbe and His Times (René Huchon). Translated from the French by Frederick Clarke. Murray. 15s. net.
Gordon Pacha (par Achille Biévès). Paris: Fontemoing. 3fr. 50.

FICTION

Under the Pompadour (Edward W. Jennings). Unwin. 6s.
Running Water (A. E. W. Mason). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
The Amazing Duke (Sir William Magnay). Unwin. 6s.
The Euphemisms of Euphemia (W. St. Iven). 3s. 6d.; A Commutation of Sentence (C. Malcolm Hincks). 3s. 6d.; Reynard's Reminiscences (Harold Tremayne). 2s. 6d. net; God's Abyss and a Woman (Charles Granville). 6s. Drane.
The Return of Joe, and other New Zealand Stories (W. H. Koebel). Griffiths. 6s.
The Wheel (M. Urquhart). Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
The Belted Seas (Arthur Colton); The Obliging Husband (Frank Barrett). Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d. net each.
The Country House (John Galsworthy). Heinemann. 6s.
Stepping Westward (M. E. Francis); Disciples (Mary Crosbie). Methuen. 6s. each.
Daniel Quayne (J. S. Fletcher). Murray. 6s.
The Disciple of a Saint (Vida D. Scudder). Dent. 4s. 6d. net.
Susan (Ernest Oldmeadow). Grant Richards. 6s.

NATURAL HISTORY

Clark's Alpine Plants (W. A. Clark. Second Edition). Gill.
Animal Artisans: and other Stories of Birds and Beasts (C. J. Cornish). Longmans. 6s. 6d. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS

Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1907 (Sir Henry Burdett). Scientific Press. 7s. 6d. net.
Cornish Tin Mining Manual (H. A. H. Russell). Effingham Wilson. 1s.
Mining Year-Book, The, 1907. "Financial Times." 15s. net.
O'Gorman's Motor Pocket-Book (Mervyn O'Gorman. Second Edition). Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS

"The Universal Ruskin":—Modern Painters (5 vols.); Stones of Venice (3 vols.); Lectures on Architecture and Painting; Selections; Two Paths; A Joy for Ever; Seven Lamps of Architecture; Elements of Drawing; Unto this Last. Routledge. 1s. net each vol.
Middlemarch (George Eliot). Blackwood. 3s. 6d. net.
Dumas: Chevalier de Maison Rouge; The Page of the Duke of Savoy (2 vols.). Dent. 2s. 6d. net each vol.
Æschylus in English Verse (Part II.: Prometheus Bound; The Suppliant Maidens. A. S. Way). Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.
Stories of King Arthur (Selected by R. S. Bate); Tales from Shakespeare (Selected by R. S. Bate). Bell.
Apologia Pro Vita Sua (Cardinal Newman. Pocket Edition). Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.
Le Barbier de Séville et Le Mariage de Figaro (Beaumarchais. Préface de Jules Claretie). Dent. 1s. 6d. net.
Democratic Sonnets (William Michael Rossetti. 2 vols.). Alston Rivers. 2s. net.
"The World's Classics":—Cranford and the Moorland Cottage (Mrs. Gaskell); Horæ Subsecivæ (Dr. J. Brown); Pickwick Papers (Dickens. 2 vols.); Hood's Poems; Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures (Douglas Jerrold). Frowde. 1s. net each.
The Pearl-Strings: a History of the Resiliyy Dynasty of Yemen (By 'Aliyyu'bnu'l-Hasan 'el-Khazrejiyy. With Translation &c. by Sir J. W. Redhouse. Edited by E. G. Brown, R. A. Nicholson and A. Rogers. Vol. I.). Luzac.

THEOLOGY

The Epistle of S. Jude and the Second Epistle of S. Peter (J. B. Mayor). Macmillan. 14s. net.

TRAVEL

Zig-Zag Ramblings (By A Nomad). Drane. 3s. 6d.
Fighting the Polar Ice (Anthony Fiala). Hodder and Stoughton. 16s. net.
In Malay Forests (George Maxwell). Blackwood. 6s. net.
Hunting and Shooting in Ceylon (Harry Storey). Longmans. 15s. net.
Three Vagabonds in Friesland with a Yacht and a Camera (H. F. Tomalin). Simpkin, Marshall. 7s. 6d. net.
The Naples Riviera (Herbert M. Vaughan). Methuen. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

Bibliography, A, of the Works of Emanuel Swedenborg, Original and Translated (Rev. James Hyde). The Swedenborg Society.
Causes of Decay in a British Industry ("Artifex" and "Opifex"). Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.
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Additions to Plant	26 2 3	0 0 0'067
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Working Profit	£98,514 13 6	1 1 0'742
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Profits Tax (Estimated)	14,471 0 4
Donations for 1906	265 0 0
Net Profit	166,896 5 2

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Interest and Sundry Revenue	£170,068 15 9
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